ANGLO-AMERICAN PREACHING

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Edited with Introduction and Biographical Sketches

By

HOBART D. McKEEHAN, B.D., S.T.M.

THESE sermons are from men at the very peak of their calling, whose greatness consists in the eternity of their message no less than in the art of its preparation: Dean Inge, Dr. George A. Gordon, Bishop Henson, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, Bishop Ernest William Barnes, Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., Rev. Vernon Storr, Lynn Harold Hough, D.D., Leyton Richards, D.D., Frederick F. Shannon, D.D., are contributors. The contrast between British and American preaching is an interesting study.

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HOBART D. McKEEHAN, B.D., S.T.M.

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Preaching Today

ULL forty years and more have passed since the distinguished Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, wrote his much-discussed volume entitled, *The Decay of Modern Preaching.* For the most part the thesis of that book has remained undisputed. It is true that with the advance of popular education and the multiplication of technical, if not of cultural professions, the preacher does not stand in that particular relation of authority which his office once assumed. It is true, moreover, that we do not have such conspicuous examples of great pulpit power and genius as our fathers knew forty or fifty years ago. It is quite easy for one to ask the question, Where are the great prophets? Where is there a Beecher, a Brooks, a Parker, a Liddon or a MaGee?

And yet there is no evidence that the art or genius of preaching is decadent. On the contrary, there has never been an age blessed with such an abundance of great preaching as the present. If our representative preachers do not tower so high above the average it is not because they have grown less in stature; rather it is because the average preacher is a better preacher than he was a generation or two ago.

The sermons included in this volume are from men who stand at the very peak of their calling—men whose greatness consists in the eternity of their message no less than in the art of its preparation and delivery. They are the representatives of that ever limited group—those who are the leaders in the best Evangelical religious thinking of their day and generation. For years I have found both interest and reward in the study of contemporary preaching. I have listened to, and know personally, most of the outstanding Protestant preachers of Britain and America. Fully

aware of the limitations of my own judgment, yet I have no feeling that I should temper my choice with an apologetic note when I present this volume as representative of the very finest preaching in the twentieth century. It would be presumptuous, if not untrue, to say that the collection herein presented represents the preaching of our ten greatest living preachers; but it is neither presumptuous nor untrue to affirm that we have no greater ten living preachers!

The contrast between British and American preaching offers an interesting and rewarding study. Which country enjoys the greater preaching? The question is perplexing if not unanswerable. My own observation has led me to this rather general conclusion: British preachers are, as a whole, more studious, more biblical and expository in their methods and more polished in their productions. American preachers, on the contrary, are more adventurous, less bound by custom and tradition,

and far better speakers. The English have much to teach their American brethren, albeit the American has no less to teach his brethren in England. And the mission of this book, if it is to be a successful mission, is to offer my brother craftsmen in the finest of the fine arts, models and examples whereby they may better their own craftsmanship.

Two men whose opinions I prize most highly and whose own sermons are included in the present volume have expressed to me rather contrasting estimates of British and American preaching. Lynn Harold Hough, well acquainted in England, and many times preacher in churches like City Temple and Carrs Lane Chapel, writes thus: "The outstanding contrast between English preaching and our own is that the preaching on the other side is more likely to be expository, showing the most delightful insight into subtle suggestions which can be found when one makes a close study of the text of the docu-

ments of the Old Testament and the New. It is true also that our friends on the other side pay much more attention to literary grace and charm. Only a few of ours . . . rank at all with the men on the other side of the Atlantic in urbane and gracious use of the good old English speech. On the other hand there is a kind of direct vigor about American preaching which has its own strength. The preaching in America seems to me to cover a very wide range of subjects with a constant sense, at least on the part of the best of men, that religion should be as large as life. Of course, I do not mean to intimate that there is not the same compulsion on the other side, but sometimes it seems to me a little more obvious with us." The second critic whose words I would quote in this connection is George Angier Gordon. A Scotsman by birth, an American by adoption, and a life-long student of preaching, one would turn to Dr. Gordon for the most discerning sort of

judgment. And yet I am not sure that he does not overstate his tribute to American preaching when he says, "The only thing I am sure of is that in the philosophy of Christianity they (the English) are fifty years behind the best thinking in America."

Whatever conclusions one may draw from a study of comparative preaching in our day, he cannot escape seeing that the one controlling and cementing fact which underlies the best preaching on both sides of the Atlantic is a common loyalty to the personality and principles of Jesus Christ. The best preaching is always Christocentric in nature and emphasis. About Christ and the Cross of Christ the living princes of the pulpit gather; in his name they speak; with his eyes they seek to see, each speaking in his own tongue and interpreting according to his own best experience. The dogmas that divide are happily absent, but the religion of Jesus of Nazareth is accepted and proclaimed in seri-

ous earnestness. The supreme problems challenging civilization today—the problem of war, of economic justice, of cultural advance and, above all, of spiritual redemption and salvation—find their solution nowhere else save in the Christ who is both Leader and Lord. Faith in the Person of Christ and loyalty to the teaching of Christ—these, like a river-bed below and an arching sky above, are the eternal principles of our religion, and, therefore, the fundamental secret of its best proclamation.

HOBART D. MCKEEHAN
The Reformed Church,
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

The Citizenship of Heaven

THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM RALPH INGE, D.D., C.V.O., F.B.A., Dean of St. Paul's, London.

"When our day is done, and men look back to the shadows we have left behind us, and there is no longer any spell of personal magnetism to delude right judgment, I think Dean Inge may emerge from the dim and too crowded tapestry of our period with something of the force, richness, and abiding strength which gives Dr. Johnson his great place among authentic Englishmen." Such is the prediction of that discerning essayist known as *A Gentleman with a Duster*. William Ralph Inge was born at Crayke, Yorkshire, June 6, 1860. He was educated at Kings College, Cambridge University; Vice President of the Royal Society of Literature; Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge and Hertford College, Oxford; and Gifford Lecturer St. Andrew's University 1917–18. In 1911 Dr. Inge who had, in turn, been Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity and Vicar of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, became Dean of St. Pauls. Scholar, Philosopher and Mystic, Dean Inge presents a fascinating study in personality. With a mysticism akin to that of Fox and a sarcasm not unlike that of Swift, Dean Inge is one of the most commanding figures in modern Christian history. In his monumental *Philosophy of Plotinus*, Dr. Inge has a sentence which describes his own as well as his subject's character. He speaks of "the intense honesty of the man, who never shirks a difficulty or writes an insincere word." Among his published works are: *Christian Mysticism*, *Speculum Animae*, *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion*, *Outspoken Essays* (Vols. I–II), and *England*.

The Citizenship of Heaven

By W. R. Inge, D.D.

"Our conversation, our citizenship, is in heaven."

PHILIPPIANS, III: 20

HAVE chosen a text which in other times might have been called a pulpit commonplace; now, I suppose, it sounds almost like a challenge. The preacher who wishes to win the sympathy of the younger generation of churchmen tells his congregation that our citizenship is on earth, here, in England. Among all the changes which have come over religious and theological teaching within living memory none seems to me so momentous as the acute secularising of Christianity, as shown by the practical disappearance of the other world from the sermons and the writings of those who are most in touch with the thoughts and aspirations of our contempo-

raries. You may look through a whole book of modern sermons and find hardly a reference to what used to be called the four last things, except perhaps in a rhetorical flourish at the end of a discourse. The modern clergyman need not be afraid of being nicknamed a "sky pilot." The New Jerusalem which fills his thoughts is a revolutionised London. As for the appeals to hopes and fears beyond the grave, the scheme of government by rewards and punishments, on which Bishop Butler dilates, they are gone. Our generation will not listen to them. Give us something to help us here and now, is the cry. Tell us how to remedy social evils, and especially how to reduce the amount of physical suffering. Show us how the masses may be made more comfortable. Listen to what the working man says, and you will find that he wants no cheques upon the bank of heaven. No; he is saying, like Jacob, "If God will keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to

eat and raiment to put on, then shall the Lord be my God." Show him that this is exactly what the Church wishes to do for him; explain to him that now after eighteen centuries, we are beginning to understand what Christianity really means; that it is a social gospel, a crusade against unequal distribution; then the Church may yet justify its existence.

Now, whether you sympathise with this change or not, you must admit that it is a very great one. The Gospel has never been so preached before. From the time of the first Martyrs to our own day the Christian has always felt that this world is not his home; his eyes have been fixed upon the curtain which hangs between us and the beyond through which, as he believed, streamed forth broken gleams of a purer light than ever poured from the sun. In all the changes and chances of this mortal life he has looked for "the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He has enriched his

mental pictures of this glorious home with all the fairest and noblest images that he could find in the world of time and space, and he has prayed every day that he may at last be admitted to the never-ending companionship of saints and angels in that eternal world, and to the beatific vision of God Himself, whom those only can see who have been made like Him in holiness. And along with these hopes he has been haunted with the horror of perpetual exile from the presence of God, a fate so dreadful that not even by recalling all the ingenuities of human cruelty can we realise the suffering that the soul must endure when it realises what it has lost. However pictured, the eternal world has been hitherto for Christians the real world. The only reality which belongs to this present life lies in the mysterious fact that temporal acts have eternal issues that the purposes of God and the irrevocable destinies of men and women are being worked out in this shifting stage. Are

you so modern that this seems unreal to you? Does it leave you quite cold? Do you say, But there is no such place and there will never be such a time? Do you say that this is the real world and the other an ideal world, an ideal which neither is nor ever can be a fact, but which serves its purpose in giving a direction to the will and pictures to the imagination? Is this the last word of Philosophy about God, that He is the personified ideal of human aspiration? Is this the last word about heaven, that is a poetical sketch of the good time coming?

I will not raise philosophical questions here, deeply as I am convinced that, if there is no substantial and eternal reality corresponding to the heaven of Christian hope, we poor human kind are of all creatures the most miserable. But there is another court of appeal which, for Christians, must be final. What was the message of Jesus Christ to mankind? How did he judge human life, and

what was his estimate of the value of social and economic arrangements? We have been told to distinguish between judgments of fact and judgments of value. The two cannot indeed be held apart, for a fact which has no value is not even a fact, but an unrelated and meaningless accident, if such a thing were possible. And assuredly that which has no existence has also no value. But the distinction is sometimes useful, and we may employ it here by saying that the revelation of Jesus Christ was a revelation of human life based upon certain great truths. The essence of Christianity is a transvaluation of all values in the light of our divine sonship and heavenly citizenship. The first Christians were accused of turning the world upside down. This is just what the teaching of Christ does if the average man sees the world right side up. The things that are seen are temporal, fugitive, relatively unreal. The things that are not seen are eternal; real in their changeless

activity and inexhaustible fulness of meaning. Jesus Christ himself lived in the presence of these timeless realities. He was in heaven, as St. John seems to say, even if he came down to earth. He communed continually with his Heavenly Father. Every joy was for him a thanksgiving, every wish a prayer. And in so living he knew that the only thing that matters in this world is the life, or the soul, which is here on its trial, passing through its earthly pilgrimage towards weal or woe. Earthly interests he views and judges without harshness, but with an unmistakable aloofness, often mixed with gentle irony and expressed with kindly pity and a sort of delicate irony. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?" The pomps and vanities of this world seem to him childish. A wild flower is a much more beautiful object than a king or queen dressed up for a

state function. How absurd, too, to hoard valuables which will probably be spoilt or stolen, and which in any case divert our attention from heavenly things. He almost laughs at the man who brings him a burning family grievance to settle. He is at no pains to vindicate the divine justice in matters of this kind. God at one time says, "I will give unto this last as unto these"; and at another time, "To everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." Both, of course, are unfair, but our wages are not paid in that currency.

Now this is a very different attitude from that of the Old Testament prophets, who really did throw themselves into social and political agitation. They plunged into the stormy sea of politics. Our Lord walked over it dry shod, as he walked over the Lake of Galilee. The naïve exclamation, "Blessed is he who shall eat bread in the kingdom of God," evoked a parable, which showed how

far such thoughts were from our Lord's mind. The kingdom of God, as St. Paul saw truly, is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Christ's kingdom was not of this world; and yet this is the divine paradox of Christianity: we cannot be saved by resolving to know nothing but God and our own souls. The introspective isolated life is emphatically not the Christian life. Our Lord's detachment from external things was combined with intense interest in the personalities of men and women. He went about doing good. He could not go about without doing good. His whole life was one of free self-giving, of generous disinterested sacrifice. He came to show us that self-sacrifice is divine; that the heart of God Himself beats to this rhythm.

These two sides of his teaching never fly apart in the Gospel itself, but all through the history of the Church they have done so continually. The contemplative hermit and the

busy humanitarian are both half Christians, and yet much less than half, because each side is spoiled by its one-sidedness. And the two sides are held together by the teaching and the example of Christ. The proclamation of this gospel was the good news, because it makes the Christian more self-sufficing than the Stoic, without his hardness; more content with simple natural pleasures than the epicurean, without his propensity to shirk social duties; more of an idealist than Plato, although the better country of the Christian is not allowed to suck the importance and the meaning from the present life; a stricter moralist than the Jew, although the Second Table of the Law is briefly comprehended in this saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And so, without any demagogic words, without any exhausting eloquence of appeals to political passion, the great religion of the spirit was planted on this earth. Love for the brethren and indifference to the trou-

blesome accessories of life, both alike based on that new estimate of values of which I have spoken, which in its turn is based on our divine sonship and heavenly citizenship; what could it not accomplish? And so Jesus left his message to the care of the few simple folk to whom he gave it; left it unwritten; left it undeveloped. All a matter of principles with no rules. Left it, above all, entirely purged from the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod—that is to say, from all political alliances and aspirations. And so, leaving it, he could say, "It is finished. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

It is the fate of all great ideas in this world to be captured by schemers who pervert, distort, and degrade them in the service of base material ends. A successful political movement is a materialism that has enslaved an idealism. And just because noblest things find vilest using, just because it is the kingdom of God which thus suffers outrage when

the violent and crafty take it by force, the priestly sycophant has been the meanest of courtiers, the priestly demagogue the most pestilent agitator. When the Church goes into politics it not only degrades itself, it degrades even politics. I have no wish at all to discourage anyone in trying to make his religion practical and his practice religious, but to my own profession, at any rate, I say emphatically, political agitation is not our business. We promise, at our ordination, to be diligent; to frame our own lives according to the doctrine of Christ, and to set forward as much as in us lies quietness, peace and love among all Christian people. And we shall serve our generation best by observing these vows literally. Let us see to it, first of all, that our own standard of values is sincerely that which Christ left with us; that our affections are truly set on things above, not on things on the earth; that both for ourselves and our country we covet earnestly the

best gifts and the more excellent way. Why should we be distressed if our following is small? When Christ said, "It is finished!" he had not a single avowed adherent on earth except the dying thief. He had been popular for one day, probably the saddest day in his life, when he entered Jerusalem in the character which he always disclaimed, that of a national hero. But I am not speaking now to clergymen. Jesus Christ's standard of values in the light of our divine sonship and heavenly citizenship is the standard for all Christians. The ordination vows involve no more exacting claim than the baptismal vows which you have all taken. We have been born into a period full of danger and difficulty, a period of transition in many ways, a period which demands men and heroes. It is not a time when anyone has a right to lead a life of frivolity, immersed in such childish interests as games and horse-racing. Give yourselves time to think, to pray. Ask God to

show you what things are really valuable and worth striving for, and what things are not. Bring your whole scheme of life, if you have one, before His throne. Try hard and earnestly to make the eternal world real to you, and it never will be real unless you try hard to see it. The spiritual eye needs training and exercise as much as the bodily organ. Creatures who live in the dark end by losing their eyes. And do not live softly. Luxury is bad from every point of view. Learn to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; whatever your political or economic theories may be, it must be wise and patriotic to lead a simple life, and for yourselves you will find it a very great help to the knowledge of God. And lastly, remember that our master came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Try in one way or another to put in more than you take out. That is Mr. Bernard Shaw's definition of a gentleman, one who puts in the common stock more than he takes

out. And it is the way of the Cross; and Christianity without the Cross is a miserable counterfeit.

Let me, then, sum up by repeating my text, "Our citizenship is in heaven," but heaven is nearer to our souls than this earth is to our bodies.

The Might of Public Opinion

THE REV. GEORGE ANGIER GORDON, D.D.,
Pastor Emeritus, Old South Church, Boston.

Dr. Gordon was born in Scotland in 1853. Coming to America as a lad, he received his education at Bangor Seminary and Harvard University. Entering the Congregational ministry, he served two village pastorates and was called to the pulpit of Old South Church, Boston, in 1884. For forty and three years Dr. Gordon has made Old South Church pulpit one of the six or eight preaching-thrones of Protestantism. As overseer of Harvard University, as lecturer on the Beecher, Lowell, Ingersoll, and Taylor foundations, and as the author of books revealing the mind of a philosopher, albeit with the soul of a poet, there are many of his brethren who, like Dr. Cadman, president of the Federal Council, would name Dr. Gordon as America's greatest living preacher. The genius of Dr. Gordon has been stated with true insight and understanding by one of his most worthy contemporaries—"a preacher whose sermons are lyrics and whose theology is an epic." Dr. Gordon's books include the following titles: *The New Theodicy*, *The Witness to Immortality*, *Through Man to God*, and *Revelation and the Ideal.* This brief tribute is being written just as Dr. Gordon is retiring from the active ministry, and I bespeak the feeling of thousands of Christian ministers and laymen throughout the world when I pray for him, as he fares toward the land of sunset, an evening time of peace and rest and joy.

The Might of Public Opinion

By Rev. George Angier Gordon, D.D.

"*No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.*"
ISAIAH 54 : 17

UBLIC opinion is the mind of any society, tribe or nation in full and imperative expression. There is the public opinion of a family, a social group, a business or professional brotherhood, a nation, and the civilized world.

We have in the career of Jesus two supreme instances of the power of public opinion,—his death and the preservation of his teaching. Pilate appealed to public opinion and the answer was, "Crucify him." Here is the power of a wild and wicked public opinion; it is a force ruthless and tremendous. The teaching of Jesus, the image of his character and the glory of his ministry have been preserved finally because public opinion, just and great,

so decided. These most precious things the mind of man would not allow to perish.

Public opinion is something behind all law, all customs, all beliefs; it is in fact the ultimate power of man upon man. When ignorant and perverse, it means destruction of our best possessions; when wise and just it means the indefinite improvement of society. When true and kind it is the avenue through which come the tides of the Holy Spirit, resistless as the movement of the incoming ocean in the river.

A sound public opinion is created from many sources. It is here like our atmosphere which is touched by forces near and far away, modified by place and circumstance, by winds and clouds and rains, and again by sun and moon and stars, by the mysterious ministry of the entire cosmic order. In just public opinion the wisdom of the ages is present, the sunlight of genius from afar, the radiance of goodness from long ago and the insight

and moral ardor of the best men and women of to-day. Just public opinion in the largest sense is an expression of world mind, and could such a public mind be formed in truth and high purpose we can see that no weapon formed against it could prosper. Mind controls the world; make that mind true and fill it with high purpose, and the government of the world in its hands must be just and good.

Public opinion good or bad, wise or foolish, is the ultimate power in the affairs of mankind. In the presence of this elemental power it is cheering to know that it may be indefinitely improved, that enlightened and heroic individuals may improve it, that the better instincts of our race play upon and exalt it, and that the lapse of time as the form of human experience tends to transform it from folly to wisdom.

1. Public opinion may be improved. When Samuel Sewall, and a century later, Thomas

Jefferson, expressed their sense of the inexpediency and the inhumanity of slavery, public opinion North and South was dead against them; they were mere voices crying in the wilderness, and their opinions were without the slightest influence upon their times. Less than a half century after Jefferson was in his grave, public opinion in the North and in many places in the South had changed, had risen in intelligence and humanity. The point now is not how this change came into existence; the point is that the most desperately fanatical opinion may be changed and improved.

The criminal to-day is coddled by public opinion. There is no coercive public opinion behind our legislatures, behind our courts, behind sentimental men and women, behind fatalistic medicine and fanatical religious teachers. The criminal is largely immune from punishment. At no time within the memory of the living has crime been so ram-

pant and defiant and public opinion so lenient toward these foes of society and so indifferent to the wholesale destruction of human life. We stand aghast at all this. As individuals we say, What can we do? Can we abolish the darkness of the night? Only the sun can do that. Must we not be content to suffer till some tremendous elemental force shall strike the social mind? Not at all. A vicious public opinion has been changed a hundred times in the last hundred years. I contend now not for the forces that recreate the public mind but for the fact that the worst public mind may be renewed. The deepest faith in the first prophets of Christianity was this: The public mind is all and desperately wrong, but it can be renewed; and here is our basis for hope and our motive for work.

2. Individuals may change and improve the public mind. The individual seems small and insignificant when measured against the wrong social mind. Yet he is not small nor insig-

nificant, because so far as he is true and wise and heroic he represents the best in the society against which he contends. What is Harriet Beecher Stowe but one woman against a slave-holding nation pledged by its constitution to uphold and defend slavery? Yet "Uncle Tom's Cabin" went through the nation, went through the world, and it enlisted on its side the best in the thought and feeling of the country, and it began a change that went on growing in power till the Emancipation Proclamation became the law of that same country. What was Henry Ward Beecher but one man, a tired minister and lecturer for the humanity of the United States, against English aristocracy and Tory pro-slavery sentiment expressing its fury in Exeter Hall, London, in Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow? Yet the individual won, because he spoke not only for the best in the United States but also for the best in the maddened mobs to which he spoke. When he left

England public opinion had changed from Jefferson Davis and his cause to Abraham Lincoln and his just and mighty cause.

Who are we that we should despair? Is there no moral faith in us, no faith in the ultimate indestructible humanity of man, and no spirit of heroic adventure for our insights and convictions? The old Hebrew prophet did not reason in despair. His motto was, One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Let individual opinion be founded in fact, let it be an insight carrying in it the meaning of the fact, and let it be expressed with clearness and power and pushed into combat with selfishness and supineness and wickedness of all sorts by a hot and heroic personality, and victory will perch on its banner.

The United States was bankrupt when Washington called Alexander Hamilton to be Secretary of the Treasury. He was but one man against a national condition of poverty

and despair. The national mind was in darkness and without hope. What was the issue? Let Daniel Webster answer: "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet; he smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." The mind of the North in the Civil War was a divided mind. Who healed its divisions, who made it one mind and a victorious mind? One man, and his name was Abraham Lincoln. And he stands to-day for the might of the individual mind against a perverse society, and an everlasting inspiration to all citizens who contend against wrong ideas and feelings in the public mind.

3. The better instincts of the race undermine the wrong public mind. Henry Ward Beecher appeared in Baltimore to make a speech against slavery. The leaders of the city said that if Beecher delivered that speech he would not go out of Baltimore a living

man. His friends warned him of the determination to take his life if he should speak against the hot and resolute mind of the city. Beecher replied, "Get me into the building somehow, and I will take my chances of life and death." He was introduced to the platform by a secret way. When he stood there he was met by a frown and a fury that meant the execution of the threat against his life. When he could be heard, Beecher said: "I understand that you have taken a vow to kill me before I leave this hall. Take a good look at me, because it is the last time you will see me forever. When I die, I shall go to Heaven." The audience broke into applause, and from all parts of the hall came the cry, "Let him make his speech. We can stand it." "The triumph of heroic purpose and humor," you say; "the triumph of the better instincts in that great audience," I say. Rivers flow seaward, and nothing can hold them back, and in the long run the better instincts of

human beings will assert themselves and flow toward the goal of the humanity of man.

When persecution and murder aimed at the destruction of early Christianity, when the public mind of the leaders of Judaism was dead against the apostles, one man rose and made a speech that so appealed to the faith and the moral instincts of those fanatics that they went with him. Men's nobler instincts will not allow them permanently to side with falsehood against truth, evil against goodness, the criminal against the citizen who orders his life in industry and honor. Wrong public opinion is, after all, cowardly and weak. It is like Sheridan's army when panic-stricken in the Shenandoah Valley. It is in headlong and mad retreat; it is unable to think and knows not whither it is bound nor for what cause it is in flight. The voice of its commander brings the army to itself; once more it can reason. "Face the other way," is the command; the army obeys, with its courage and

power renewed, and led by Sheridan in a few hours recovers all that it lost and stands in complete possession of that wonderful valley. Speak to the heroic in men, appeal to what is highest and best, get command of the nobler mind in this demoralized mass of wrong public opinion, and the army that a few hours before meant nothing but defeat and shame will turn with elemental power to victory.

4. The lapse of time as the form of a deeper and sounder human experience will often change and indeed demolish a wrong public mind. You sail up the Rhine, the most famous river of western Europe, and you examine and wonder over the magnificent fortresses on its banks dating from the Middle Ages. All of these stupendous works are obsolete and useless to-day. What has done this? The mere lapse of time as the form of a deeper and more powerful human experience. Bows and arrows were once powerful and deadly weapons in combat; so were the muzzle-load-

ing rifle and cannon; so were the "wooden walls," as the old warships were named. Visit a museum and look at the tools of trade that time has rendered worthless. Original sin was a consuming topic in New England a hundred and fifty years ago, and one of the elaborate treatises of Edwards is upon this subject. That public mind has passed away. There was the dogma of the depravity inherited from the first man by all his descendants, and the public mind upon this subject was that unless regeneration supervened upon inherited depravity for which the individual was in no way accountable, the inheritance was fatal for honor here and hereafter. That public mind has dissolved. A score of other phases of prevailing public mind might be named that were broken up by no debate; they were transcended by the mere lapse of time and the greater experience brought with it. More and more in our day the Bible is allowed to speak for itself. Among wise men

it is everywhere recognized as containing the supreme literature of the spirit. Its wisdom and the sovereign forms of human experience which it records are the best witness for the Infinite Spirit in the history of the great race that produced our Bible. There have been many intense, intolerant, and persecuting forms of public mind about the Bible. They are meaningless to the enlightened mind of to-day, profitless and powerless. Something greater has come, the sense of God in man's best life, and in the highest records of that life, and thus those beliefs stand as obsolete fortresses on the banks of the river of time.

You cannot argue young men and women out of their notions which you know to be far from sane. Time will take them out of these conceits. When your sons and daughters become fathers and mothers your wisdom and patience and hope will be recovered and revered by them and they will look at life with eyes made clear and piercing by the sense

of responsibility for the precious things of the human heart. I spoke recently with a venerable and beloved teacher of mine upon the way in which we outgrow the books we once loved. A score of these books I have tried to reread and I failed. This is a universal experience. Carlyle read Gibbon in his youth with the greatest admiration; he read him as an old man, with the loss of all his former admiration. Goethe, whom Carlyle admired excessively, went at last; all went but Shakespeare and the Bible. These remained because they embodied great, refreshing, abiding human experiences enshrined in the noblest forms of speech. All great readers, all great minds, all great souls come to this at last; they get through the forest of books; they cannot retrace the long journey; they are content to linger in the shade and under the beauty of the few matchless trees on the boundaries of the forest. A Hebrew psalmist says:

"I have more understanding than all my teachers;
For thy testimonies are my meditation.
I understand more than the ancients,
Because I keep thy precepts."

Experience under the divine discipline of time had lifted him above the old teachers, and placed him forever beyond them. This is not egotism; it is the progress and freedom that the mere lapse of time brings to thoughtful and earnest men and women.

When I was a home missionary in Maine about fifty years ago, there was in full swing a great economic heresy. Get a mill running well and print greenbacks by the hundred million; then all the people will have all the money they want all the time. All the forces of economic enlightenment then available went forth against this absurd state of mind, and at the polls the economic heresy won. The State of Maine was disgraced. Her educated men and her intelligent citizens were ashamed. Many of them fell into despair;

to my knowledge some of them died of grief over this insane public mind. What could reason do? As well reason with the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers as ice two feet thick began to form in their waters. What intellect could not do time after a season accomplished. Give men rope enough and they will hang themselves; so runs a wise old proverb. Let men who obtain temporary power reduce their absurdities to action; the contradiction of their theories that failed when put into words, when put into terms of loss and suffering becomes almighty. Few living to-day remember the Maine greenback craze. It went its way as time brought a wiser mind and a saner heart; it went as quickly and as inevitably as the ice out of the Maine rivers when the new season arrived. Time is great because God is in it; as the Time Spirit in Faust sings:

> "At the whirring loom of Time unawed
> I weave the living mantle of God."

The progress of mankind through the centuries has been and continues to be afflicted by unsound public opinion. Here is our ultimate foe. His strongholds are ignorance, fanaticism, injustice, selfishness, and the vast number of mistakes to which we all are subject. My object has been to show that this foe is not invincible, that there is ever assembling against him a just public mind, that to the formation of this just public mind all wise and brave citizens may contribute; that men of controlling intellect and character have never been wanting, that the better instincts of misguided men are on our side when we contend for a just public mind, that time undermines as by the hand of God many forms of wrong-mindedness that seemed bound to last forever, and that finally through the ever greater mass of just public opinion there come the breath and the tides of the Eternal Spirit. The useless wind is caught in his wider spread of canvas by the wise mariner and the invisi-

ble tide enters into league with the viewless air. Together they make his shoreward endeavor availing and victorious. Thus God enters into society through wise men individually and in their collective capacity. The Divine Mind viewless before declares its power in the greater might of sound opinion, and the mass of thought that was as "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" moves with grace and charm upon the troubled mind of the nation. Thus is formed and equipped the public mind against which no weapon shall prosper.

The Faith of Easter

THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM (Rt. Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, D. D.)

Bishop Henson was born in London November 8, 1863. He was educated privately and at Oxford University where, in 1884, he was elected a Fellow of All Soul's College. After serving as head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, Dr. Henson was, in turn, Vicar of Barking, chaplain to the Lord Bishop of St. Albans, Canon of Westminster, Rector of St. Margaret's, Sub-dean of Westminster, Dean of Durham, Bishop of Hereford and, since 1920, Lord Bishop of Durham. Bishop Henson has acted in the capacity of select preacher at Oxford and Cambridge. A renowned layman has said of Dr. Henson, "No front-bench churchman has displayed a more admirable courage in confronting democracy and challenging its materialistic politics." A scholar of the first magnitude, a logician whose piercing intellect is capable of thrusting its triumphant way through a veritable army of theological adversaries, a master of soliloquy no less than of assemblies, Bishop Henson is a mighty leader in the religious and social thinking of modern Christendom. If one misses the deep and wooing note in his preaching, he cannot fail to find in Bishop Henson a strong and certain voice in a day of fever and fuss, nor can he be in doubt as to the direction in which to look for one of Christianity's most virile and able apologists. Dr. Henson is the author of: *Robertson of Brighton*, *Apostolic Christianity*, *The Creed in the Pulpit*, *Puritanism in England*, *Christianity and Liberty*, *Byron*, the Rede Lecture, and that fine and, in its way, unique series of Beecher Lectures entitled, *The Liberty of Prophesying*.

The Faith of Easter

By The Lord Bishop of Durham

"*Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty reigneth.*"
REVELATION XIX : 6

ASTER DAY commemorates the Resurrection of the Crucified Jesus, and therein certifies that the truth, to which Jesus had borne testimony, which he embodied in his life, and held fast on the Cross, has behind it the power of God. That truth was twofold—a version of the divine character, and a version of human duty—and it received the seal of God's approval when Jesus brake the bands of death, and returned to His disciples in the fullness of personal life. Calvary had proposed a terrible question, to which Easter returned a triumphant answer. Jesus had come in the succession of the prophets, who had prepared the world for his coming. He had made their

witness his own, setting it forward with unique fullness and unique authority. The whole credit of the prophetic teaching about God and virtue was at stake in the fortunes of Jesus. That "The Spirit of Man Is the Candle of the Lord" had been the assumption of the prophets, and therefore they had bidden man find within himself the authoritative and authentic message of God's will. The values which man places, cannot help placing, on the "Things of the Spirit," are certified by a more than human authority. This is indeed the sum of the prophetic witness—that the spirit of man can be trusted, that another Spirit is speaking through it, that it is, in very truth, as was finely said by Newman, "the aboriginal vicar of God." So Micah, answering the anxious inquiry, how man can know God, and serve Him with acceptance, made the sublime reply: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love

mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" That version of God as disclosed by the spirit of man, a God, Who can command the homage of the conscience and win the loving trust of the heart, Who loves righteousness and hates iniquity, Who is the author of all good and the ultimate judge of all action—that version of God was revealed in perfect beauty by Jesus Christ. The life of virtue (which faith in such a God inspires, demands, and enables) was displayed in untarnished splendour by Jesus Christ. In the fortunes of Jesus Christ, therefore, this faith in God and in goodness was brought to the test of experience in the circumstances of the world's life. Had there been no Easter epilogue to the tragedy of Good Friday, what had the final verdict been? Would not the jeering pontiffs on Calvary have spoken the last word? Would not their gibes have been still on men's lips, with the added bitterness of so many centuries of authenticating experience? "The rulers

scoffed at him saying, he saved others: let him save himself, if this is the Christ of God, His chosen." The preternatural darkness which enfolded Calvary would have rested still on the earth, and we should have remained as men "Having no hope, and without God in the world."

2. For, indeed, the prophetic doctrine has ever been heavily challenged. Nature "red in tooth and claw" challenges it. History, with its monotonous records of violence and prevailing wrong, challenges it. Every man's personal experience of life in the world, so full of almost intolerable paradoxes, challenges it. Nay, worst of all, there is that in man himself which protests against the higher witness of his spirit, wrestles desperately against the law of conscience, and adds its own approval to the challenge from without. So powerful and so persistent is the cumulative challenge which the prophetic doctrine provokes that the mere survival of that doc-

trine is no mean evidence of its truth. The ineradicable divineness of humanity is revealed in the refusal permanently to acquiesce in any version of human nature which does violence to its best instincts. But how feeble and how intermittent has the protest of the Spirit been! When we cast our eyes on the history of religion, and mark the depths to which mankind has been sunk by the terrors and frenzies of superstition, we realize how mighty have been the obstacles against which the faith of the prophets embodied in Jesus Christ, the faith in the Divine Spirit's presence within the human heart has had to contend. While heroic souls might still have held fast to the challenged truth, even if there had been no Easter epilogue to Good Friday, can we doubt that for mankind as a whole, for men like ourselves who are not heroes, the conspicuous defeat in Jesus of all that he had stood for in life and death, could only have meant the total eclipse of faith and virtue.

In this world it must ever have been the case that when men trod the narrow way of virtue they had to "walk by faith, not by sight": for verily "faith" is a keener, more trustworthy sight than the gross limited vision of unillumined nature. The virtuous man, like Moses, has ever "endured as seeing Him Who is invisible." This faith of the heroes was brought within the reach of common folk, when the ideal of the prophets had been in Jesus perfectly expressed, and in Jesus divinely sanctioned. Alike in his example and in his victory he stands before us as "the author and perfecter of faith."

3. It is only as clothed with moral significance that the resurrection of Jesus has any religious value. The mere survival after death, the resuscitation of a dead body, could have proved no more than that men survive death, and that their dead bodies can be resuscitated. The mere appearance of a ghost, emerging and vanishing in the futile eccen-

tricity of ghostly visions, would have done no more than add another ghost story to the series. The credulity of spiritualists would have been quickened, and the curiosity of the learned would have been stirred. There is no spiritual life in physical prodigies, no moral power in scientific speculations. But the resurrection of Jesus is more than these. It is the lifting of the veil from the mystery of life, and showing that the life which is independent of time and place, which persists when the visible show of phenomena has passed away, is the life which Jesus exhibited on earth, the life of goodness, which is the life of God. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Jesus, as he reviewed his life on earth at the crisis of the Passion, could sum it up in terms of the divine will: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," and he illustrates the universal law. He abides forever. The Resurrection

was the seal of divine approbation and acceptance on the life of Jesus. Henceforward that life became for disciples the exposition of the true human life, and its issue in eternal triumph made known to them the power and persistence of such human living. Christ "brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel." Thus the moral appeal of the apostles is ever associated with the thought of final vindication. Live as the master lived, and you also shall be sharers of the master's triumph. Heed not the frown of society; remember it rested ever on him. Be not dismayed at worldly failure: he failed more utterly than any other. Hold hard to duty as he has made it known, and you have the pledge of his word that your failure, as his own, shall but lead to victory. That is the burden of the apostolic appeal. "If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."

4. Easter, therefore, exhibits the intimate connection between the Christian's faith and the Christian's conduct. It was surely no accident that led the primitive Church to associate together the administration of holy baptism and the festival of Christ's resurrection, for by baptism men were pledged to that higher life which, in Christ's resurrection, had been divinely approved, and shown to be immortal. The mystical identification of the disciple with his Lord, which St. Paul emphasized in his epistles, was pictured significantly by the very ceremonial of the sacrament. It involved the breaking with a bad past, the embracing of a better future. It was the burial of the lower self, the new birth from above of the higher self. It demanded the renouncing of the false allegiance, and the acknowledgment of the rightful service. "We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of

the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life."

The ancient rule of the Church which requires every qualified parishioner to receive the holy communion on Easter day, reaffirms the connection between faith and conduct which, at the font of baptism, is so solemnly declared. Christianity is, before all things, a life inspired by a faith—the life which was perfectly exhibited by Jesus on earth, the faith which was completely dominant in Jesus —that life and that faith which God, by raising Jesus from the dead, sealed with approval, and showed to be true. This is "the life which is life indeed," the life of righteousness, the "life eternal." Easter gives the source and indicates the nature of Christian optimism. It shows that behind virtue stands the power of God; that moral forces are more prevailing than material: that we cannot judge by appearances since they may be very delusive; that the cross of secular failure may be

very close to the crown of spiritual victory. The "last word" in the age-long conflict is not with Caiaphas and Pilate, but with the watchers by the Cross. It is the risen Christ who assures his Church, "because I live ye shall live also." The final aspect of the world as it is seen by the seer in his vision presents a world in which the will of God is achieved; "Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty reigneth."

5. Let us bring our argument directly home to ourselves. I may take it as certain that most of us have this day received the holy communion in obedience to the Church's rule. We have declared our acceptance of the apostolic witness, and renewed it to-day in the ears of our own generation, adding to it the fresh affirmation of our personal conviction. "The Lord is risen indeed." What, then, is the inevitable inference from the fact of our Easter communion? Surely this, that for ourselves it is Christ's version of God that de-

termines our religious observance, and Christ's exposition of duty which directs our secular activity. We worship, no merely Jewish God, no semi-pagan deity, in whom the mingled universe is reflected, no impersonal abstraction infinitely remote such as the philosophers may imagine, but "The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," whose mind and character have been disclosed to us in him. We carry into our daily life, and declare to be the principle of our conduct, those values and standards which are assumed by the life of Jesus Christ. This is precisely meant by "following" Jesus, being his disciple, bearing his "honorable name," in the significant word of St. Paul, "enduring hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Remember always that Christ's religion is a way of life, a way to be trodden in this very world in which we are living, not some other world otherwise ordered and conditioned, but this actual, puzzling, insistent, ever

changing world of history and experience. Christianity, therefore, is not concerned directly if at all with political and economic theories, or with the systems which express them. Theories and systems are the creatures of time and place. Christianity can consist with them all, and, when all have passed, can still continue. No, not political and economic theories, but human life is that wherein Christianity finds its sphere, and human life, just because it is human and neither bestial nor angelic, is twofold, inexorably individual and inevitably social. It is the life of discipleship uttering itself in service. And always in that order, first discipleship, then service; first, the living faith, then the serviceable life. True it is that the faith may be first disclosed in the life—that is to say, that men find out, by the conduct to which they are mysteriously drawn, what are the principles which that conduct implies, but whether clearly discerned, or only half realized, if realized at all, the

Christian life is born of the Christian discipleship. Christians in a world that hastens to death are "the sons of the resurrection," carrying into this changing scene "the powers of the world to come."

6. Men have ever asked, and never with more insistence than they are asking to-day, that Christianity shall cast its influence into the scales of their secular conflicts, here buttressing some established system, and there feeding the flames of some revolution. But if the Christian Church is to be faithful to the teaching and example of its divine Lord, it must return to such appeals the old disappointing disclaimer, "Man, who made me a judge or divider among you?" And while thus it refuses to sink Christ's claim in the petty contentions of history, it must ever and in every state of the world rebuke that greed of tenure which is the chronic vice of established systems, and that greed of acquisition which is the principle of revolutions. "Take

heed and beware of all covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man's life, so brief at longest, so shadowed and troubled at best, is only then seen truly when it is seen through the eyes of Jesus. Only then are its meaning and destiny disclosed when these are linked with the message of Easter. We are not the fragile, fleeting creatures of time, we disown our manhood when we sell ourselves into the slavery of lust and avarice, we were not designed merely for the little loyalties of earth. No, we belong to eternity, and our lives "are hid with Christ in God." We confess our divine ancestry and our eternal future when we love and serve and witness to the truth. These moral and spiritual achievements, which are never altogether absent from any human life, and were constant and paramount in the life of Jesus, are the signature of God on the soul of man. To give them the primacy in our regard, to honor them in

others, to pursue them as the main objects of effort, this is, in the significant phrase of St. Paul, "to attain unto the resurrection from the dead." Therefore the faith of Easter is the spring of self-respect, of energy, of indestructible hope. It sets us free from the paralyzing despondency inherent in every theory and scheme of human life which subjects it to the cold inexorable empire of death, and in face of the king of terrors calls ever to courage and effort. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord." The Christian refuses to be daunted by the untoward course of the world, refuses to be driven into cynicism by the insolence of evil: refuses to be turned aside from the quest of justice by the pomp of the oppressor, for, with the certitude of Easter calming and steadying his mind, he can look through and beyond the happenings of time to the sure vindications of

the future. Here and now he can trace the footprints of the King, and he knows that in the way of Christ's service he is moving toward the ultimate triumph of Christ's kingdom. Even here in the life of the Church militant he can hear the chant of the Church triumphant, "Hallelujah! for the Lord our God, the Almighty reigneth."

A Mirror of the Soul

THE REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D., D.LITT., Rector Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Pa.

Dr. Newton was born at Decatur, Texas, July 21, 1876. He was a student at Hardy Institute, and received his theological training at the Southern Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky. As a student he worked on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* then edited by Col. Henry Watterson. Dr. Newton was ordained a Baptist minister in 1893; pastor First Baptist Church, Paris, Texas, 1897–98; founder and pastor People's Church, Dixon, Illinois, 1901–08; pastor Liberal Christian Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1908–16. From the latter church Dr. Newton was called to the pulpit of City Temple, London, where he remained for three years —the dark and trying years of the Great War. As a worthy successor of the great Parker, Dr. Newton became known around the world. Returning to America at the close of the war, he served for a time as pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City. He is now Rector of the Memorial Church of Saint Paul, Overbrook, Pennsylvania. Dr. Newton is a preacher's preacher—a mystic who never speaks or writes save as an authentic messenger bringing tidings and overtures from the world of Spirit. He is one of the greatest living masters of his native tongue, but a prophet no less than a poet and artist. In *Some Living Masters of the Pulpit* and *Best Sermons*, Dr. Newton reveals his unsurpassed knowledge of distinguished living preachers; in his *Preaching in London* and *Preaching in New York*, his keen insight into life in general; and in such volumes as *The Eternal Christ*, *The Religious Basis of a Better World Order* and *The Truth and the Life*, his own supremacy as a living master of the pulpit.

A Mirror of the Soul[1]

By Joseph Fort Newton

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God."
PSALM 42 : 5

NE of the little classics of the life of faith is a tiny, golden book called *The Mirror of Simple Souls.* Written in the twilight of the thirteenth century, it brings a whiff of a time far gone, but, like all the writings of the mystics, it has upon it the dew of morning. With the self-effacing humility of that day, the author left off his name and gave us only the story of his life in God. Albeit a book of a time of violence and war, of rough conflict and wild alarm, it has in it the stillness of a great peace, and tells how some unknown saint won the only victory worth winning. Gentle, wise,

[1] From *The Truth and the Life* and with the kind permission of George H. Doran Company.

and serene, the sum of its high and simple teaching is told in these quaint words:

> Heaven is no other thing than God Himself. Why was the thief in Paradise anon as the soul was departed from his body? He saw God, and that is Paradise, for other thing is not Paradise than to see God. And this doth the soul in sooth, at all times that she is uncumbered of herself.

As in every such story of the inner life, one sees gleams and glints of that other and greater mirror of the soul—the Book of the Psalms. How wonderful is that tiny book of song linked with the name of the poet-king of Israel, who, from following his herds on the hillside, came to the throne of his people, bringing his shepherd flute. He lived in rough and cruel days, an antique king in a barbaric age, and yet such a poet was he that three thousand years since he lived his words are still the paths whereby the soul climbs up to God. To-day his genius is a telescope which brings the stellar truths into intimate

nearness, and round the world march the melodies of his flute.

Above the bed of King David, so tradition tells us, there hung a harp. At midnight, as the wind rippled over the strings, it made such music that the king could not sleep and must needs rise, and, till the pillar of dawn rose in the sky, search his soul for words worthy to fit the music of his harp. Thus, out of the beautiful, broken dreams of a man of the people which were of old came his book of the music of the human heart when swept by the winds of God. For a psalm is a poem, and something more—a poem born of one of those deep and tender moods which come unbidden, an hour of sorrow or of joy, when the soul melts into love and prayer, and the founts of feeling flow, a mood spontaneous and rapturous when the heart pours itself out, knowing no ambition, no self-seeking, in penitence or thanksgiving. A psalm is not made, it grows. It is a gift, not a trophy, an uprush

of the heart at the touch of him whose coming is as the wind moving to and fro in mystery.

King David was a man of like passions as ourselves—weak to the point of crime, stormy to the edge of violence; yet in very truth "a man after God's own heart." He lived near the eternal things, and about his name was gathered a treasury of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs which has been the inspiration and solace of centuries. It is a little book of prayer and praise, but in it, as Heine said, are sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfillment—the whole drama of the soul of man. Truly, it is a mirror of the soul, in which one sees its lyric burst of joy, its sob of penitence, its moan of sorrow, its cry of defeat and its shout of victory—even as we know them in our own souls. Men of letters, looking into this little book, find in it something not found anywhere else, never bet-

ter stated than by a noble critic in these memorable words:

The Bible is going to be eternal, for that which decides the vitality of any book is precisely that which decides the value of any soul—not the knowledge it contains, but simply the attitude it assumes toward the seen as well as the unseen. The attitude of the Bible is just what every soul must, in its highest and truest moods, always assume—that of a wise wonder in front of such a universe as this, that of a noble humility before God such as He in whose great hand we stand. This is why —like Alexander's mirror—the Bible reflects to-day, and will reflect forever, every wave of human emotion, every passing event of human life—reflect them as faithfully as it did to the great and simple people in whose great and simple language it was written. Coming from the heart of man, it goes straight to the heart.

Now the great features of the Bible rhythm are a recognized music apart from a recognized law—artifice so completely abandoned that we forget that we are in the realm of art—pauses so divinely set that they seem to be wood-noted wild, though all the while they are, and must be, governed by a mysterious law too sweet to be formulated, and all kinds of beauties infinitely beyond the triumphs of the metricist, but beauties that are unexpected. There is the living meter of the surging sea in the soul of him who speaks, it is the effluence of the emotions and passion which are passing into words. And

if this be so of other parts of the Bible, what is it in the Book of Psalms, where the flaming steeds of song, though really kept strongly in hand, seem to run reinless as the wild horses of the wind.

David was a contemporary with Homer in Greece. They were not far apart. Only a short sail over soft seas would take one from Mount Olympus to Mount Olivet. Yet when we pass from the Psalms of David into the poems of Homer we pass into a different world. Both belong to the everlasting music of the human race and they have much in common, but over the Psalms arches a different sky. Homer looks up from the lap of earth, personifying human virtue and valor; the Psalmist looks down from above, burdened with the awful sense of the infinite. One hears in the music of the shepherd flute notes to which Homer was a stranger—deep calling unto deep, height answering to height, with a crashing finale of cymbal, organ, trumpet and drum. Here are royal aspirations and simple shepherd sentiments; a robe for

every mood—sackcloth for penitence, armor for victory, rent garments for sorrow, tunics blood splashed with sin, and flowered coats of joy. Here are lyrics quivering with pain, songs ragged and torn by the cry of souls in distress, and hymns of praise under a sky unstirred by storm, unflecked by cloud. Here are prayers of faith, of passionate yearning for God, and out-reachings of soul to lay hold of Him who is the refuge and reward of the life of man.

Look at the human scene in the Psalms. There the rapture of faith is so blended with the misery and woe of life that it is often hard to know whether the reigning note is a deep joy or a bitter sadness. Ever recurs the sense of oppression, and the memory of oppression, and the fear of oppression, and songs of divine consolation alternate with cries for revenge—as was natural in the hymns of a land so often ravaged by war, tossed to and fro between rival empires, and left desolate.

Naturally, too, the question which distresses all the Psalmists is the same question which throws a shadow over literature and life, now as it did then—the question of undeserved suffering. Those ancient singers longed to believe that right-doing secured prosperity and protection, and when it seemed to do so they were happy. But the great problem of the world is not so easily solved, and the facts were often sadly the other way, and their faith was sorely tried. Always the prosperity of the proud and the wicked filled them with dismay; and their music sometimes ebbs and flows between defiance and despair.

While the "deep singing of the poor" is heard in the Psalms, it is not pity for the poor that we hear, but a demand for justice as against the arrogant and powerful oppressor. The typical bad man in the Psalms is the tyrant, whether he rule by cruelty or by cunning. Unlike the fool, the bloodthirsty tyrant does not say in his heart there is no

God. He says, "Tush, God hath forgotten!" and the Psalmist almost felt, at times, that he was right—for the heavens seemed brass! What terrible indictments are here against the murderer of the innocent, whose eyes are "set against the poor"! The deceitful tyrant is drawn with equal indignation. He is the usurper who draws his net with flattering words and catches the poor and the weak to despoil them by robbery. Nevertheless, the Psalmist does not lose heart. In spite of the contradictions of life, he feels certain, as most good men feel certain still, that "the patient abiding of the meek shall not perish forever." The great prop of society and the pillar of stability in the mind of the Psalmist is the just judge. He is moderate, he is gentle, he lifts the poor out of the mire and gathers the outcasts. Aye, he is like God, who heareth the cry of the weak and healeth the broken in heart.

Above this human scene hovers the divine

order, and it is in that higher realm that we must look for the ruling ideas of the Psalms. Yet the very sense of that eternal order, so quick and vivid, induced in those long dead singers a poignant sense of the fleetingness of mortal life, of the vanishing of all things human. Sometimes, as in the ninetieth Psalm—that majestic funeral hymn of the human race, with its swift death of morning flowers, and its human myriads swept away by the flood of years—this mood becomes terrifying and the hope of man is as frail as the bird-song in the death march of Chopin. How helpless is man, pursued by time, overtaken by death—his life is a span, a vapor that melts, as tale told in the night; here to-day and to-morrow gone. What a shadow he is, what shadows he pursues! Herein the Psalmists were wise in that instead of being crushed by the brevity of life, they accepted it as the divine plan. Until we make our peace with the fact that

we are pilgrims and strangers in the earth, like our fathers before us, life is a riddle and a tragedy. Once we face this fact, the wise men will take refuge from the evanescence of things mortal in the sanctuary of the eternal.

Even so, "nothing but the infinite pity of God is equal to the infinite pathos of human life." Therefore, the Psalmists' trust in God —just God, no dogmas about Him, but in the reality of His being and the mystery of His mercy; God who is from everlasting to everlasting, the Home of the Soul. Here, if anywhere, is revealed the encompassing God. Across distant ages, from hearts long fallen into dust, we hear voices telling us in song what they had learned in sorrow; and their music lifts us above the terror of the transitory, above fear of dark fatality, into the fellowship of the Eternal—helping us to turn our sorrow into song. Nowhere else—outside the little Book of the Eternal Life which tells the story of Jesus—can be found such a pro-

found and vivid sense of the hallowing presence of God in the world. The clouds are His chariots, the thunder His voice, and His footsteps bow the heavens. The Psalmists celebrate the power of God, His wisdom, His justice, His fidelity, with every variation of melody, but most of all His pity. What fills them with an abiding wonder is that God considers man and visits him with salvation. Other hope they have none. They rest in the integrity of the Eternal, and His loving-kindness is more than life. There is in these songs a mingled agitation and peace—a deep and grateful peace in God, joined with an eager incessant, passionate hunger for more of God. When God seems far away, the music falls to a lower octave and life loses its rhythm, its radiance, and its soul of loveliness. When He is near, the sun is up, the dew is on the grass, the trees clap their hands, and flowing waters glisten with His beauty!

Hence the solemn, overwhelming sense of

sin in the Psalms. Much of the religion of to-day is self-centered egotism; nothing else. How refreshing it is to escape from this clamor of self-assertive vanity into the sweet humility of the Psalms, with their clear vision of the horror of sin in the light of the holiness of God. We are wont to think of sin to-day more in its social aspects. Not so the Psalmists. "Against Thee, and Thee only, have I sinned," is their cry, bowed low with the sense of solitary, awful, unshared guilt adhering to each separate soul among all the spirits of the universe. They know that sin is something individual and incommunicable. It is not the guilt of those who tempt us; they have theirs. It is our own, each lonely soul bearing his own burden of shame. Surely no other singers so search us for secret, unconfessed sins. To listen to their pleadings for inward purity, their longings to be made white as snow, is to feel what awful souls dwell in our human clay. Uniting so vivid

a sense of God with so keen a vision of sin, the logic would seem to be despair. But the glory of the Psalms is their note of hope. Underneath their sweet-toned, haunting pathos is the grand truth that God is equal to the horror of sin, not only pure but purifying.

Have we among us to-day a religious life equal to that which sings in the Psalms? One doubts it. Join with this a further question —how was it that in a rude and dark age the religious affections attained to such full flower? No writer since that time, not even Augustine, has equaled the Psalmists in deep and lofty religious utterance. Where did that ripe and rich religious life come from? How was it possible at such a time and amid such scenery? It must be that in the olden time the human soul was alone with God as it has never been alone with Him since. Life was simpler then than now, and as it has become more intricate and engrossing, it has also become more distracting. Our modern world with

its noble and fruitful intellectual agitations, its research into nature, its cooperation in social enterprise, absorbs men; and the invisible world, which in former times drew to itself the yearnings of the soul, seems dim and far away. Human pity, and the vision of social wrong—notes hardly heard in the Psalms—turn men away, apparently, from fellowship with God. It ought not to be so, but it is so. Looking out upon the life of our time, and, like Maurice, confessing "the sins of my age as my own," it is clear that this is a clew to the restlessness of the modern man. Rich as our age is, full of splendors, it is yet strangely distracted and pathetically poor, seeking satisfaction in things that can never satisfy the soul. Never were so many men running hither and yon hunting for they know not what. What they need is that overwhelming, softening, glorifying sense of God which glows in the Psalms—that is the touch magnetic, the one lost chord needed to give unity, har-

mony, and dignity to our prodigal and multitudinous life.

Can we of to-day have the great and simple faith of the singers of the Psalms? Assuredly. This is the sublime secret of all the saints, who learned that however complex life may be, however distracting on the surface, at heart it is simple—for "He keepeth those in perfect peace whose minds are fixed on Him." If the world seems a confusion worse confounded, it is because our inner life is a medley. Riding on a midnight train and unable to sleep not long ago, I read every line of the Book of the Psalms—thinking betimes of the man in the engine, having our lives in his hands, his eyes fixed on two gleaming streaks of steel as we thundered through the night. How different from the mode of travel in the days of David; and yet, though all the world has changed, my need of God and my relation to Him were just what David felt ages ago. Aye, and He was with me in

the night, amid the rumble of the rushing train, My God, the Healer of my sorrows, the Cleanser of my sins by the same incredible mercy with which He cleansed the poet-king in the days of old. Only the outward condition of life had changed; the way of prayer remained the same, and the simple words of the Psalm became a shining ladder to me in the train as they had been on a hillside in Judea.

Books have been written tracing the influence of the Psalms on literature and life, but let us follow only one of them a little way along its melodious journey adown the centuries. With the single exception of the Lord's Prayer, no other bit of writing has done more for the heart-life of the race than the Fifty-first Psalm. Multitudes have gone from earth to meet the destiny of man breathing the words of the great confessional hymn. Its first words of the old Vulgate version, Miserere—"have mercy"—have been the last

words of many of the noblest souls of the race. Just before his death, with his left hand mutilated by torture, Savonarola wrote a commentary on this Psalm. Sir Thomas More repeated it on the scaffold, and Lady Jane Grey recited it at her execution. Roland Taylor shouted it amid the flames of martyrdom, and was struck in the mouth for not saying it in Latin. When Arnold of Rugby understood that he was dying and they asked him what they should read to him, instantly he selected "the Fifty-first Psalm." The northernmost grave on earth, so it is said, is one made for a member of the expedition of Sir George Nares to the Arctic Sea. It is near Cape Brechy, on the brow of a hill covered with eternal snow, overlooking crowded masses of ice stretching away into the northern night, where, like a lamp hung over the door of eternity, shines the polar star. A large stone covers the sleeper, and on a cop-

per plate at the head the words are engraved: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Never did the pathos of those words find a more perfect setting—only the mercy of God is whiter than snow!

Athanasius asked his friends to repeat this Psalm as they lay awake in the stillness of the night. Did you ever try that? Oh, it is wonderful! And if you have any vanity left in you at night, it will flee away before those great words uttered in the dark where only God can see and hear—when you can hear nothing but the beating of your own heart. Try it, my friends, and then you will know why that Psalm has lived so long, and why it will be alive and flashing when the last man lifts his trembling heart in prayer on this dying earth. All down the ages it has echoed and reëchoed in the song and prayer of the church, and who can tell how many poor souls have been led and lifted by those old familiar words out of weariness into

the rest that remaineth for those who give their hearts to God the Father Almighty—out of sin into the purity of His presence!

Men and women, busy and distracted about many things, heart-hungry and ill at ease, take this tiny book of prayer and praise, white with age yet aglitter with the dew of each new morning, tested and tried by ages of sorrowful and victorious experience, rich with memories and wet with tears of the human race—take it to heart, read it, live with it, hold communion with it in the still hour, and learn that God hath made us for Himself, and unquiet are our hearts till they live and toil and rest in Him!

The Christianity for the Age

THE LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM (The Rt. Rev. Ernest William Barnes, M.A., F.R.S., Sc.D.)

Dr. Barnes was born April 1, 1874. He was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a scholar. He was bracketed 2nd Wrangler 1896; and in 1897 he became president of the Union, and a Fellow of Trinity College in 1898. He was ordained in 1902 and became Examining Chaplain to Bishop of Llandaff, Master of the Temple, Fellow of King's College, London, and has been Select Preacher at both Oxford and Cambridge. In 1918 he became Canon of Westminster, and in 1924 was appointed Bishop of Birmingham. Bishop Barnes is a Doctor of Science and came to theology from mathematics. His is one of the most virile of intellects in the English-speaking world. Perhaps the only living clergyman who understands the Einstein theory, Dr. Barnes is quite as able in theological as in mathematical thought. It may be that if the good and brotherly bishop knew less—thus assuring himself a dogmatism he cannot now possess—and were less modest by nature, he would be more influential than he is. Nevertheless, Dr. Barnes is the leading light in modern Anglican liberalism—the one full-toned voice in the Established Church calling upon men and women to remember their Reformation heritage and to be true to the truth at any cost. If a reconciliation between modern science and theology is to be written in our generation, Dr. Barnes is the one man best equipped to write it. *Should Such A Faith Offend?*, a noble volume of sermons, is fresh from the press. He is the author of an essay dealing with the Bible as Literature in Drinkwater's *Outline*, of Papers on Gamma Functions, Integral Functions, and Linear Difference Equations in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society. Scientist, mathematician, bishop, and preacher, Dr. Barnes is an invaluable asset not simply to the Church of England, but to the evangelical churches of the world.

The Christianity for the Age

By E. W. Barnes, D.Sc., F.R.S.

"*He that sitteth upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.*"
REVELATION XXI : 5

WISH to speak to you this Lenten Sunday evening on the world's need, our need, for Christ.

Since the war we have been living through a period of reaction and disillusion. Throughout Europe there continues to be present moral disorder, and there is also deep-seated mental and spiritual disquiet. Thirty years ago, when those now middle-aged were young, civilization seemed stable. There was much religious unrest, which was a natural consequence of the great additions to human knowledge won during the nineteenth century; but everybody expected that steady progress, alike political, social, and religious, would continue. No one

dreamed that a great era in human history might be drawing to a close. And yet now men wonder. We remind ourselves gloomily that other civilizations in the past have collapsed. They were, as a French writer has said, no less beautiful, no less fragile, than our own. We are forced to recognize that over a great part of Europe culture has decayed. There are ominous signs that in this country barbarized thought has become more common. It is certain that in Russia economic ruin has practically uprooted civilization. In Germany and Austria the educated class has endured terrible privations. In fact, Europe is at the moment only slowly recovering from malnutrition, famine, disease, despair. We have been within a hair's breadth of the bankruptcy of civilization, and mental and spiritual upset that threatens catastrophe is still with us. Loss of faith in the goodness of God our Father, recrudescence of superstition, greed of pleasure; we may be unconscious

of the origin of these manifestations of spiritual disorder, but they are signs of deep-seated psychological distress, of which the war was the cause, and the war was produced by and has spread what has been well called the spirit of anti-Christ—envy, hatred, jealousy, fear, selfishness between nations and peoples and classes and individuals. These led to the calamity from which came our present decadence; and unless we can replace the spirit of which they are born by the spirit of Christ there is little hope for the world.

Must we give up hope? Is religion powerless? Are the churches, as some social critics suggest, picturesque survivals, with no essential significance in human affairs? I personally am quite sure that true religion, the Christian religion, is neither powerless nor effete, but I am equally sure that the churches must present Christ's teaching in its essential purity, free from the sacerdotalism and obscurantism with which it is too often combined, if they

are to win the respect of thoughtful men. The Christian faith—yes, that will hold its own, because the principles of his rest upon the religious view of the universe which constitutes his revelation of God.

Just think for a few minutes of the civilization built up during the nineteenth century. This earth had never seen its like before. All the nations had become interdependent; their trade, commerce, and finance were parts of a single whole. Bankers had devised a marvelously intricate and delicate machine which adjusted throughout practically the whole world the balance of and supply of food and manufactured articles. Under the stimulus of this ingenious adjustment, the population of Europe trebled in a century; it became in fact dangerously large. So that only so long as the machine of world trade and finance worked so smoothly was the situation safe. That, of course, was why the world's financial magnates dreaded war, and why en-

thusiasts said that such a dangerous absurdity ought to be impossible. For it was obvious that the economic machine was bound to get out of order when once the spiritual basis on which it rested was injured. Men sometimes say that finance has no soul, but we know it to be untrue. The success of any kind of intercourse between men depends upon the motives, the spiritual forces, which govern those men; and our economic world order rested upon has indeed grown from trust, coöperation, good will.

It is because these motives and ideals have been impaired that the economic basis of our civilization has been so grievously imperiled. We all admit that human life has both sacred and secular aspects, and yet we cannot separate them as sharply as men imagine. Religion and economics, ethics and politics, are closely interrelated. For instance, if a man cannot live decently he cannot be religious; if he can only live in destitution, physical mis-

ery will destroy his spiritual faculties. In fact, the material and the spiritual well-being of humanity depend one on the other. The economic perils through which revival cannot come unless it be not only economic but also religious; for men improve their own states by improving that of their neighbors. They find themselves individually happier when they begin to bear, as in every civilized community men must bear, one another's burdens. Thus trust, coöperation and good will —in other words, the spirit of Christian brotherhood—this proves its value as the primary effective agent of social health. And so Christ's teaching justified itself by the facts of human life.

May I urge at this point that we ought all of us, whatever our enthusiasm for social reform, to distrust extravagant politico-economic adventure? Of course, what is commonly called capitalism does produce social injustice. Let us admit and deplore the

fact; but let us also admit that so far human thought has failed to devise any successful alternative to it. It has been created, not of deliberate wickedness, but by a long process of experiment. Capitalism is the foundation of modern trade, industry, and finance. It has brought vast populations into existence, who may resent its working but, as the Russian experiment has shown, they starve without it. We must, especially at a time like the present, beware of the impracticable idealism. Because we dislike many results of our present economic system we should be foolish to destroy it until we have something both better and workable to put in its place. He who would risk destroying two-thirds of the population of Europe in the hope of creating in some distant future a better social order shows the type of thought which has well been described as the remorseless logic of the undergraduate.

Capitalism, in fact, is not in itself hostile

to the spirit of Christ. In truth, it cannot function successfully unless some qualities of his spirit are present. But the economic machine would work more successfully, with fewer jolts and jars, if only Christ's influence were more pervasive. When justice is tempered by mercy, and bargains are made through sympathy; when between employers and employed there is mutual respect, mutual feeling of helpfulness; when humane motives are strong; when, in fact, the principles of the Gospel are not wholly forgotten—then our social order is most healthy. What we need to attempt to do is to extend the range of Christian idealism within the economic order which we have inherited. Let us seek to transform that order from within. We certainly cannot get outside it unless we break it to pieces; and that way leads to anarchy.

You may object that the world has drifted very near to anarchy, and that capitalism was the evil genius of the process. I think no.

Undoubtedly capital may be used to intensify international disorder; undoubtedly still financial groups can and do manipulate public needs for base ends; but such abuses are rendered possible by the existence of national hatreds and jealousies and fears; and they would fail if the leading democracies of the world could learn the wisdom of magnanimity, forgive and forget, and resolve in the spirit of Christ to elicit good will by showing good will; if, in fact, they recognized their need of guidance by Christ's spirit. For statesmen are handicapped when the peoples they represent are morally inert. This fact has been the source of our ills is not an economic device called capitalism, but the spirit of anti-Christ.

Can we exercise this spirit? I confess I see no hope of moral progress, save in a religious revival which shall fire men with simple and sincere enthusiasm for the teaching of Jesus. It is high time that the Churches in general, and the Church of England in particular,

should justify faith in Jesus just by showing the world's need of his principles. Of what use are sacramental superstitions and liturgical frivolities in our present distress? Of what use is the religious prejudice against modern knowledge? We cannot make a new world by presenting men with old clothes. Jesus to-day stands out of the pages of history as a modern of the moderns, because he had a message for all time, a message therefore of vital importance to our own age. If we preach that message we preach the Christ. If we half-bury it under an elaboration of ritual and ecclesiasticism, we leave men free to doubt whether we really believe the Gospel of the Son of Man.

I think it natural that the Churches should at the present time tend to show the narrow tradition, for in them, with the honorable exception of the Society of Friends, there was during the war a marked disposition to ignore such principles of the Gospel as were then

inconvenient. In silence the Churches condoned evil deeds. They did not, to any great extent, set their influence steadily to overcome the passions engendered by the conflict; and often their members narrowed and sometimes their preachers travestied the teaching of Jesus. The state of Europe to-day shows the truth of Edith Cavell's great and truly Christian saying that patriotism is not enough. We go further and say that the combination of patriotism and moral purity often regarded by Christians with special favor is not enough. Patriotism is a Christian virtue—yes, if it be neither bitter nor exclusive and if it leads men in a desire for national well-being to spread the temper of Christ throughout their motherland. And personal purity is undoubtedly a part of the Christian ideal, but a self-satisfied purity is not infrequently joined to a narrow intolerance such as Jesus never manifested. Remember that Roman paganism produced in the vestal virgins religious women in whom

religion was centered on national pride and sexual purity. But that religion was not Christian. Christianity is the search for kingdom of God, and of that kingdom Christ said of the ecclesiastical rulers and religious teachers of his time that "the publicans and harlots shall go in before you." The publicans were unpatriotic Jews who collected taxes for the hated conqueror; the harlots may have been little worse, but were certainly no better, than the fashionable divorcees of our time. Christ's words are a warning against the tendency, too common in ecclesiastical circles always and at the present time in particular, to narrow the Christian ideal. The kingdom of God must be built on broad foundations. It rests on justice, forgiveness, mercy, temperance, patient service, good will, faith, hope, and love. These things are the expression of the spirit of Christ.

The world needs that spirit. I do not think it has any need of the combinations of piety,

superstition, and formalism which are sometimes presented as the Christian faith. The amazing constructions by which men replace the gospel of the kingdom! One group will say, "We have an infallible Book, well-nigh two thousand years old, and it does not contain a mistake in science or history, in theory or fact." Naturally, if they are polite, men say, "Remarkable!" and go on their way. Others say, "We belong to an infallible Church which during a very checkered existence has never made a mistake in theology or morality"; and naturally men turn aside and go on their way. Others, again, assure us that the British peoples are the descendants of the Lost Ten tribes, and that all the promises of the Old Testament reveal blessings shortly to be showered upon them, probably in this generation; and naturally men turn aside and go on their way. Others will explain that they have a service of singular value for piety and virtue if held at eight o'clock

in the morning, but unthinkable at eight at night; and naturally men go on their way. For it is all so unlike our Lord Jesus Christ —Jesus, whose religion was such a part of himself that he was not afraid to jest; Jesus, whose mockery of folly and exposure of unreality was so brilliant and so quick and so modern! The citadel of Jewish ecclesiasticism was the Sabbath, and it fell before the words, "The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath." As the years go by, I for one am increasingly impressed by the greatness of our Lord. All through the war some of us tried to draw up prayers which German Christians could also say; none equaled the Lord's Prayer. When one is depressed by the perversions of Christianity which abound one has only to return to Jesus as he appears, especially in the first three Gospels, to feel a real sense of elation. "Surely this man was God's son!" That was the cry of the Roman centurion who saw him die. We

lack the simplicity of true faith in Christ, and active loyalty to him which will result from disentangling his message from accretions to it which not seldom are substitutes for it. Such is supremely our need to-day. For often enough men and women ignore the Christian faith because they do not feel that the Churches will lead them to the kingdom of God; they do not wish to enter societies which somehow or other seem to exclude the holy spirit of truth. It is natural, but, nonetheless, Christianity must be organized; we have to form societies to preserve and spread the Lord's message. Our need is of men and women, young and old, inspired by hope and love to enter the Churches and refashion them, so that the spirit of Christ finds within the old walls its dwelling-place. Effete theology, impossible pretensions, blindness to new truth, old superstitions, these are too often with us. I am afraid they are likely to remain so long as the clergy and ministers are

not recruited from the best of our young men. But, assuredly, the present decay is not permanent, and as, I believe, religion is already beginning to reveal its enduring vitality, the very urgency of our need of the spirit of Christ in social affairs at home, and as the corrective against international disorder throughout the world, will cause its power to burst forth anew. As revival comes, the churches will feel and respond to the quickening breath of the spirit. Men cannot do without Christ. Something in their very nature makes them search for the kingdom of God. The devil may seem to rule the world, but in fact Christ reigns, and the kingdom of God is here and now among you, within you. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "Behold, I make all things new."

Verdicts of History Reversed

THE REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., LL.D.,
Pastor Emeritus, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Dr. Hillis was born at Magnolia, Iowa, in 1858. He was educated at Lake Forest University and McCormick Seminary. After brief pastorates at Peoria and Evanston, he succeeded Prof. David Swing in the pulpit of Central Church, Chicago. After four years in the Chicago pulpit—years of brilliant achievement—he accepted a call to the pulpit of historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as successor to Drs. Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott. He remained in Plymouth Pulpit from 1899 until 1925, when he was made Pastor Emeritus. Dr. Hillis is doubtless the greatest master of homiletics in North America. A stylist without a peer, possessing a richness of resource that dazzles, and an orator of commanding presence and power America has produced no greater preacher (Beecher always excepted!) than Hillis at his best. It is doubtless true—in preradio days at least—that through the spoken and written sermon Dr. Hillis has addressed weekly the greatest audience of preachers and Christian workers ever reached by a human being in the history of pulpit eloquence. And perhaps no living man has exercised such a formative influence upon the preaching of the English-speaking world. Among his published works, many of which are treasured as classics around the earth, may be mentioned, *The Investment of Influence*, *A Man's Value to Society*, *The Quest of Happiness*, *Great Books as Life Teachers*, *The Story of Phædrus*, *Great Men as Prophets of the New Era*, *The Influence of Christ in Modern Society* and *The Quest of John Chapman*. Two books, as yet unwritten, but for which a great multitude wait with wistful longing, are a Life of Our Lord and a volume dealing with the Art of Preaching.

Verdicts of History Reversed

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., LL.D.

"He was despised and rejected of men."

ISAIAH 53 : 3

"The Name which is above every name."

PHILIPPIANS, 2 : 9

ANY verdicts upon great men and institutions have been reversed at the bar of history. Criticism has her threshing floor, where the wheat is sifted and the chaff burned. Gold is tried in the fire, and the truth in the furnace of criticism. The favorites of one generation are often unknown to the next. In 1792 Paris unveiled a marble tablet, having in gold letters certain names that France would hold in everlasting remembrance. Unfortunately, the next generation pulled down the tablet; to-day the names of these immortals are unknown. In sculpture, men do not know their own

16,683

leaders. In Paris the Salon refused Rodin's first model of the "Thinker," and urged the sculptor to stick to his brick and mortar; but Rodin was not a hod-carrier. Now he ranks with Phidias and Michael Angelo. Holland did not know her greatest painter. On a winter's day Rembrandt took a painting to the burgomaster. The rich ruler scoffed at the canvas, but offered the painter a gulder for a loaf of bread. The time came when Holland paid 100,000 gulders for that rejected canvas.

In literature, nations have reversed their verdicts. One day, in England, a traveling tinker upon the village green dropped his apron and hammer and began to speak to the people. Unfortunately, the bailiff did not recognize eloquence when he heard it, or know literature when he read it, so the officer hurried Bunyan to Bedford jail, where he lay twelve years. Now that verdict has been reversed, and Bunyan's is counted the finest

example of truth and beauty in English literature. More astounding still, the world's mistaken verdict upon its greatest leaders. King Pharaoh thought Moses was a shepherd; Moses was not a shepherd, he was a lawgiver and a statesman. Bohemia thought Copernicus was a monk; he was not a monk, he was the greatest astronomer of his time. Edinburgh thought Robert Burns was a plough-boy; Burns was not a peasant, he was the greatest lyric poet of his age, just as Raphael was the great lyric painter and Mozart the great lyric singer. Boston did not recognize Lincoln; Boston thought he was a rail-splitter. But Lincoln was not a rail-splitter, he was the greatest statesman of his century, and the *London Times* in dust and ashes repented its superficial verdict. The world did not recognize Jesus when he uttered his Sermon on the Mount. He was despised of the Jews, rejected by the Greeks, scoffed at by the Romans, and crucified by them all. The

first century asked this question, "What do our chief rulers think about Jesus?" The twentieth century asked this question, "What does Jesus think about the chief rulers, living in great capitals?" Once he was despised and rejected; now he stands forth the most beloved figure in history. Matthew Arnold called Athens "the Bethlehem of art." Heinrich Heine calls Stratford "the Bethlehem of intellect." These are amazing facts! Strange that the city of culture, the city of beauty, and the city of intellect should go to that little hill town, Bethlehem, to borrow its beauty and culture, just as the gold ring borrows the diamond for its flashing center!

Consider how men have reversed their verdict upon the character and career of Jesus. The chief rulers mistook Jesus for a young carpenter and nothing more. He hung doors, carved ox yokes, laid floors, built granaries, and from dawn to dark worked hard with his

hands. He had no time for study or travel, no leisure to grow ripe and wise. At thirty for him the plastic years of memory were gone and gone forever. What books he wanted to write, what laws enact, what wrongs he hoped to right, no man knows. Dying, he left behind no song, no law, no drama. He was not of that elect company who ride upon a book as upon "a boat across the seas of time." From the very beginning of his career, his earliest, latest, deepest thought was love for the poor. He knew the common people and loved them; the people knew and loved him in return. They knew the manner of man he was, how kind was his heart, how sincere his words, how clear his thoughts. Beyond all the orators he had the divine art of putting things. If the prophets presented God as a consuming fire and made the laws to be traps for men's feet, Jesus taught the people to think of God as gentle, kind, beautiful, alluring. The poor went toward God as birds toward rose gardens

in June. The poor thronged and crowded upon Him, as He traced the things of beauty and informed of rugged truth. With more than the skill of Orpheus He struck every string upon life's rich harp. But the chief rulers, Jew, Greek, and Roman, sat in judgment upon the carpenter's son. Before making up their verdict they called many witnesses. He had made no contribution to property of politics, to the army or the navy, to sculpture or architecture. When the testimony was all in their verdict was crucifixion. He was a disturber of the peace. Then long time passed by. One day the case was reopened in the world's court; to many the verdict was reversed. His friends urged that he had destroyed cruelty, hate, injustice, unjust taxation, exposure of the aged, and that under his influence many other social evils were disappearing as ice fetters melt before the sun. In seeking a reversal of the verdict his advocates urged that he had brought three gifts to

men—God, freedom, and immortality. Instead of the government of the one autocracy, the government of the many aristocracy, or the government of all democracy, Jesus had founded the republic of God. He made it as firm as the mountains, as bright as the stars! Many voices urged the tribunal of wisdom and justice to reverse that verdict. Among the voices were literature, education, art reform, the home, law, liberty. The first verdict was he is a carpenter's son. As a teacher they despised and rejected him!

Consider how history has reversed its verdict as to Jesus' method of controlling. There have been many plans for ruling states. Kings the Herods have ruled by regiments and dungeons. Soldiers have ruled by swords and fagots. Plato named one kind of ruler an "autocrat"; another group of rulers he called "aristocrats"; the third group he called "the democrats"; but every one of these states en-

forced their laws by swords or clubs of bomb-shells. Then Jesus entered the scene. He proposed to rule society by the omnipotence of great ideas. He stood forth as the world's greatest thinker. His thoughts simply expressed a character that embodied flawless obedience to law. He proposed to save society by saving the soul. His first great idea was, man is the son of God, and therefore must be free. His second idea was the equality of the classes, Dives the patrician and Lazarus the beggar being alike the sons of God. His third great idea was the equality of the races, Jew, Greek, and Roman. His fourth great idea was the equality of the sexes, for the fishermen and the group of women were alike the architects of the new state. Jesus' plan to bring in a new society by the force of ideas expressed in freedom and obedience set thrones tottering and tyrants trembling. Without using weapon or sword, without organizing army or navy, without any revolution, by the mere force of

four great ideas, Jesus destroyed the doctrine of the divine right of kings as silently as sunshine destroys icebergs.

Jesus' great idea that man was the son of God, and free, meant that man must think for himself intellectual liberty, must speak for himself liberty of the printing press; that man must decide for himself, free institutions. His one idea that man is the son of God and therefore fully competent for self-government as the architect of his own destiny, lies back of a hundred social revolutions! That there might be no misunderstanding at the very outset in proposing his new society that was to be ruled by his ideas of justice and love, Jesus put at the forefront his symbol, "I am the light of the world" and "Ye are the light of the world." Light, revelator of things hidden. The light, stimulator of things latent and sleeping, the light, the disinfectant of things diseased and evil. His influence—it works in society as leaven works in dough. His grip upon society

is strong as steel, but soft as silk. Many leaders, some states, certain races, still believe in battleships, bombshells, lyddite, poison gases. But bombshells are only the whispers of his power. We understand omnipotence only when we study gravity and watch the sun silently lifting many tons of water from the ocean into the clouds. Silently and secretly the light lifts the sap, creates the forest and the harvests. Secretly and silently, through ideas, Jesus builds a new soul, a new society, new states. There are many hard problems involved in stopping criminals and selfish rulers by force and war, but when a long time has passed, and men have thought their way to the bottom of the question, they will reverse their verdict of contempt and decide that Jesus was right. The only way to control men and States is through great ideas and the guiding principles that can control men as gravity guides the plants and stars in their flight through space.

Consider Jesus' plan for creating an ideal commonwealth! It was a bold and dangerous thing for Jesus to launch his mission with the words, "I am come to preach the gospel to the poor." The indignation of the rulers and ecclesiastics was beyond words. Even his friends gasped with astonishment and felt that his mistake was the beginning of the end. Not one per cent of the population represented the riches of the mercantile class, plus the militarism of the soldier class, plus the Pharisee class. So wonderful were the gifts of that young Carpenter that his friends felt that there was nothing they could not hope from him! Boldly Jesus launched his revolutionary program by an alliance with the poor. Now history has gone over to Jesus' position. The first verdict given by the ruling classes has been reversed. A proposition more drastic, astounding, and revolutionary was never made! To-day in retrospect, history perceives that the reasons for Jesus' building his new

society upon the poor are sound reasons. First, he chose the poor because they were the neediest class. For centuries they had been robbed by tax-gatherers, stripped by the priests, oppressed by the soldiers. Desperate with want, shame, and fear, the poor seemed like huddled sheep, helpless against the ravening wolves. Once, when a peasant in the forest saw a man and two ragged children carrying a wooden box he asked, "Of what did the person die?" and the answer was, "She died of hunger." Back of the riots in Herod's day stood hunger. Back of the bread riots in Lancashire, in 1820, were want and starvation. Back of the horrors of the French Revolution stood famine, with skinny fingers. Every morning Jesus asked how things went with the poor, because his heart was knitted in with his kind.

A second reason why Jesus allied himself with the poor folk was that the poor were in

the majority. Only a handful of folks were landowners, rulers, and patricians. This little elect group seemed self-sufficing. Needing advice, the patrician could buy the wise man's counsel. Overtaken by the frost of winter, the rich could buy travel to some soft, sunny clime. If lonely hours came, the rich could buy friends. Turning his back, therefore, upon the chief rulers, Jesus passed over to the place where the poor stood huddled with their shivering bodies, their blue lips, their starved faces. Whatever brought anguish to the poor brought pain to his heart. But there was a third reason why he built his new society upon the poor. The great thinkers and leaders have come from the ranks. Poor men! Poverty carries a sharp stick. It forces men to climb the hills of difficulty. Moses invented nothing so long as he was rich, living in Pharaoh's palace. Becoming a fugitive and poor, Moses thought out his plans for a new state. Tending their flocks by night, in pov-

erty, shepherds discovered the laws of astronomy. As to tools, the inventors from Watt to Edison were the sons of the poor. Concerning many a rich youth who will die an unfulfilled prophecy, we can only say, "He lost his chance through abundance." Every one of the world's greatest three painters and greatest three sculptors began in poverty. The history of the great authors, whether historians, philosophers, or poets, is the story of an early struggle with adversity. Call the roll of the kings for centuries, beginning with George III in England, the Louis of France, the Kaisers, the Czars, the Sultans—not one of them ever invented a steam engine, or a telegraph, or a printing press, or a ship. Not one of them ever created a Principia, or a Hamlet, or a Constitution. Not one of them ever wrote an *Origin of Species* or a "Messiah," or planned a cathedral. There are exceptions—men who have overcome the handicap of luxury and wealth—but as a rule the builder of a new

commonwealth must find his leaders among the poor! At first, because he was poor, Jesus was despised and rejected of men. Now, society has reversed its verdict. To-day democracy and free institutions are based upon Jesus' choice of the poor as the neediest class, as the largest class, as the productive class, and as the class that produces the great thinkers and leaders.

In outlining his new society Jesus spread out his whole plan for the rich ruler, Nicodemus. He told this first citizen that state-building began primarily with soul-building. It begins with a new love for truth, until the intellect loves the truth supremely. Your heart must be born again, until the new, rich emotions run with the depth of a mighty river. Your will must be born again, until you are as loyal to the truth as the needle to the pole. "I have come to bring life"—life, rich tides moving with the majesty of a deepening river. What is the matter with this boy? Increase the riches of

his intellect and give him genius and he will write the new body of laws. What is the matter with this dramatist? Give him the life and genius of Sophocles or Shakespeare and his dramas will outclass the centuries. What is wanting in this young orator or actor? Increase his gifts, enrich the tides of life, and he will become the new Orpheus, transforming his generation. If his thoughts are poor and scant, if his emotions are shallow where they should flow like the river, if his imagination flickers like a candle where it should blaze like the sun, there is only one hope, namely, the entrance into the scene of an Infinite Being who will increase the life and abundantly. As for the vine, new tides of sap alone can clothe the branches with purple clusters! As for literature, we need the entrance of life into intellect. As for the drama, starved imagination; as for our music, its themes are shallow; as for our literature, Kipling was right—"Little writers carving cherry stones." As for

forensic oratory, no interest beyond tariffs and markets and prices! What Nicodemus needed and what our generation needs is the new mind and the new heart, the great thoughts, rousing like a trumpet call!

The Ascension

THE REV. VERNON FAITHFUL STORR, M.A.,
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Canon Storr was born December 4, 1869. He was educated at Clifton and Queen's colleges, Oxford University. In 1895 he was elected Fellow of University College, Oxford, and from 1904 to 1907 he was Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion at Cambridge University. From 1907 to 1916 he was Canon Residentiary of Winchester. After serving as Rector at Bramshoot, Headbourne Worthy, and Bentley, he was chosen Canon of Westminster. Canon Storr has served as Select Preacher at both Oxford and Cambridge and from the pulpit of glorious Westminster Abbey he preaches to audiences drawn from the ends of the earth. A scholar of wide sympathies and possessing a brilliant, driving intellect, together with a commanding presence in the pulpit, he is one of the most influential living preachers not only in the Established Church, but in English-speaking Christendom. With a growing and richly deserved popularity, Canon Storr's books are read by ministers and thoughtful laymen of all communions. His published works include, *Christianity and Immortality*, *The Problem of the Cross*, *Development and Divine Purpose*, *The Missionary Genius of the Bible*, and *The Living God*.

The Ascension

By Rev. Vernon Faithful Storr, M.A.

"*And when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.*"

ACTS 1: 9

HAT should we have seen, if we had been present at this last parting of Jesus from his disciples? Should we have seen an elevation of his body, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, and a gradual ascent up into the blue of the sky, until the ascending body was veiled from sight by a cloud? The modern mind, claiming its right to be reverently critical of ancient documents and traditions, and knowing that heaven is not above our heads any more than it is below our feet, knowing that heaven is where God is, that it is a spiritual state rather than a place, finds it difficult to form any physical theory of the mode or manner of the Ascension.

The fact which we call the Ascension is stated or assumed by several of the New Testament writers, but only one writer, St. Luke, gives any description of it. In his Gospel he writes: "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven." Though the last clause "and was carried up into heaven" is not found in some of the most important MSS. and may be a later addition. Possibly St. Luke himself invented it, for in the Acts he quite distinctly describes a physical ascent, and describes it in detail. If he did not himself actually write the passage, he embodied it in his story as a trustworthy tradition.

Now different minds will take different views of this incident. Some will say: "If our Lord had to depart, what more natural than that he should ascend? Since men habitually think of heaven as above their heads, and since in the traditions of his own people there were stories of men caught up from earth into sky;

he would in this way be giving to his departure a form not unfamiliar, and one capable of impressing itself upon his imagination." Others, more critical, but not therefore necessarily less believing, will feel that we have no means of knowing what happened, that the New Testament description belongs rather to the region of symbol and poetry, and cannot be taken literally. That there was a real departure, that a real event happened, which made a marked impress on the minds of the disciples, they do not deny. Only they will not commit themselves to any theory of the manner of the departure. A smaller number, feeling the difficulties which gather round all the post-resurrection appearances of Jesus, will tend to regard the story of the Ascension as simply the creation of the pious fancy of the disciples. Just as that pious fancy had in their opinion been responsible for all the stories of his manifestations after the Crucifixion, so, say they,

had it created this story of the last manifestation when he was made to ascend.

But why the *last* manifestation, why did pious fancy stop here? Why not continue the series of appearances? That is a very pertinent question, and it calls for an answer. And I know no answer, on the supposition that the Ascension was a fancy and not a fact. I cannot see why the series of manifestations should have stopped. But grant that in all the story of the happenings after the Crucifixion you are dealing with added basis of fact, grant that Jesus really did rise from the dead and show himself to his disciples, then there is no reasonable objection in supposing that there was a last manifestation, after which he withdrew from earth. Certainly we cannot read the narratives of the Ascension without realizing that somehow the disciples knew that this was the last appearance. We find them returning to Jerusalem with great joy, and waiting there for the gift of power, which they were

expecting. Why did they return with joy? You would not expect them to be joyful at losing their master, unless an event of supreme importance had happened, unless they had begun to learn that his departure was only preliminary to something which was to come, which would make up for his bodily absence. No, we cannot get away from the fact that somehow the disciples realized that this was our Lord's farewell, the climax and culmination of the series of manifestations, which began on that first Easter day. Nor can we deny that the New Testament writers everywhere take for granted that an important event called the Ascension happened, which had unique results for their theology, and in particular for their view of our Lord's person.

For us the thing which matters most is not that we should be able to give an exact account of what happened when our Lord ascended, but that we should understand the religious significance of the Ascension. The meaning

of the fact is often more important than the fact itself; and Christian doctrine is merely the attempt to bring out the meaning of our Lord's person and the events of his life.

What, then, for us to-day is the significance of the Ascension?

First, it emphasizes the contrast between two worlds, the physical and the spiritual. We call them two worlds, though no doubt there is such a close connection between the two that ultimately they are one world. But for us, possessing as we do bodies and bodily senses and moving in a world of space, the distinction between the two spheres, the physical and the spiritual, real, yet unseen, the world of conscience and prayer and of the realization of God. We sometimes name it the eternal world in contrast with the changing world of sense. Of its reality we have no doubt; and that we belong to both worlds we cannot deny, for we are more than body, we

are persons, not things, and a person shall we say, has a body but is a spirit.

The Ascension emphasizes for us the reality of the spiritual world. Jesus withdrew from the physical world into the spiritual world; just as the fundamental tenet of Christian theology about his person is that he originally came into the physical world from the spiritual world, which was his home. We are bound to put it in this way, to speak of coming and going, or passing from one world into another; for we have no other language with which to describe the event. And we follow the Christian tradition in saying that he ascended with his body, the spiritual body which was his after the Resurrection, though we can hardly think of him as possessing a body. What need has he now for any physical organism? He would be a bold man who would answer the question, where is my Lord's body now?

But all those puzzles are of little account.

What matters is that the Ascension witnesses to the reality of what we call a spiritual world. The event is in time with the record of his past-Resurrection appearances, when he appeared and then vanished. "Their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight"—the movement from the physical to the spiritual plane. "Jesus cometh, the door being shut, and stood in the midst"—the reverse movement from the spiritual plane to the physical. And at the Ascension the withdrawal finally into the world of spirit. Do we at times think this to be impossible? Why should it be? Who knows what is the power of spirit over body, when spirit has free control, as it has not under the conditions of our earthly life? We creatures of physical sense, tied to earth, framing so many of our judgments out of our earthly experiences, with only a limited foothold here in the eternal, with the difficult task before us of growing less earthly and more spiritual—

how difficult it is often for us to preserve our sense of the largeness of things! God's universe has more mysteries in it than we have yet solved. God's truth is bigger than the measures of the human mind.

The presence and reality of the spiritual world. We do need to be constantly reminding ourselves of this, and of the fact that the meaning of the universe is spiritual, and that we are passing through time to a life, where things eternal will take the place of the things of time. Our task here is to make this unseen world as real and vivid as we can. We have to grow in the things of the spirit. We do not want to seek for them through occult mysteries. We need do nothing extravagant or strained to find them. They are close at hand, within us, all around us. Shall I tell you where you can find them? On your knees, when you shut out the world and pray. In following out that noble aspiration which comes to you—comes like a flash of light from

him who dwells in light unapproachable. In quenching that natural resentment at an injury, and in being ready to forgive a human brother. In the unselfishness which leads you out to work for others, or to forego a pleasure that another may be helped. In the innocence of a little child; in the glory of a sunset, which reveals a God of beauty; in the mystery of your own self, with its mind and will and haunting visions of things divine. Of all this spiritual world the Ascension reminds us. It is a vivid and graphic symbol of the eternal realm, calling us to ascend with Christ. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." The Ascension calls the Christian to worship, to renewed spiritual effort. It is an appeal and a challenge. It warns us lest in passing through things temporal we lose the greater treasures of the things eternal.

And then, secondly, against this background of a mysterious spiritual world the Ascension

sets a figure—the figure of Jesus Christ. He moves through the whole Gospel story, its central and dominating personality. And at the end it is he who withdraws from the gaze of his wondering followers. What does it mean that we fix our faith on an ascended Christ? Well, the whole story of Christian experience, and the whole development of Christian theology, is just one long commentary on what it does mean. If you read the New Testament you will find how rich was the meaning which St. Paul or the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews (and others, too) found in the fact that Jesus ascended. And as time went on, and successive generations of Christian thinkers tried to think out what Jesus Christ meant, what his work meant, what redemption meant, more and more did they find significance in the fact of the Ascension. In fact, so rich was the fact, that they grew interested more in the meaning than in the fact itself. And that perhaps accounts in

part for neglect of Ascension day as a festival. It has never held the place in the mind of Christians which Christmas or Easter or Whitsuntide have held—not because Christians were more concerned with the consequences of the fact than with the fact itself. Archbishop French pointed out how comparatively meager is the number of hymns in the Ascension.

Now it would be absurd at the close of a sermon to attempt any full account of the theology of the Ascension. So I shall make two points, both of them, I am sure, full of practical lessons for ourselves.

A mysterious spiritual background of the unseen and eternal—and against it the figure of Jesus Christ. Is he mysterious? Yes, indeed; and yet how familiar he is! From childhood we have been taught about him. We know the story of his life, recall his parables and teaching; and love to remember how he once walked this earth and rejoiced in its

flowers and was a man among men. Now it was this Jesus who ascended, and wherever he is now, he is the same Jesus. Our lives are ringed round with mystery. The mind reels at the thought of the immensities of space with starry heavens; shrinks from death, so strange, so lonely; cries out for some word from God that God is real and cares for men. No new word comes—but why doubt the old word? Why have the oppressing fears of the unknown? Into that unknown has come Jesus Christ, and he is the revelation of what the spiritual mystery is. He showed men what it was, to the measure of their capacity to understand him, and he said that the mystery was a mystery of love, and that in and through time the light of the eternal was always shining. And what does that mean? It means that, as there is only one chemistry of the earth and stars, so there is only one moral chemistry for earth and heaven. Truth here is akin to truth there. Goodness here is woven

after some texture as goodness there. Love here is of a piece with heavenly love. And overarching all, embracing all, is a divine Fatherhood, which Jesus revealed.

Jesus Christ, and what he stood for, are the realities of that spiritual world which is our true home. Grasp that, make it your own, and much of the strangeness vanishes. Just as the emigrant going to Australia feels that he knows some one out there who will welcome him, and from that knowledge takes hope and encouragement; so we pilgrims with new faces set to eternity may take heart in the thought that Jesus has gone before and is in that other world, just as he was on earth, the central figure. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews puts it very beautifully, using the imagery of the priest who bears his people in his heart, when he writes—"Having then a great high priest, who hath passed through the heaven, Jesus the son of God, let us hold fast our confession. For we have a high priest

that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace." Jesus, truly human when on earth, has taken his humanity with him into the heavenly places. There is an essential kinship between the divine and the human. The unknown need not be for us strange and remote.

The second point is this—that the figure of the ascended Christ speaks of power. God's purpose centers in him. He is the fulfillment of it. All things, as St. Paul says in the Epistle to the Ephesians, "are to be summed up" in him. His Ascension marks his triumph. The Cross was followed by the Resurrection, the Resurrection by the Ascension. In principle the victory was complete. Henceforth throughout the ages that victory is slowly being made actual in the field of history and in men's hearts. The advance is indeed slow,

and often we wonder if the victory will ever be finally won. But here comes in the assurance which the Ascension gives. Can Christ be departed? Can God's purpose fail? To believe it even for a moment is to destroy the foundations of our Christian faith. So in hours of weakness and despondency the tired disciple looks upward, sees with the eye of faith the ascended Christ, and takes heart again.

There is a divine purpose working itself out; and Christ is that purpose personalized. It is for us to coöperate with him. Indeed, he cannot do his work without us. He works through us as his instruments. If we grasp that and link ourselves to him and his purpose, we shall realize that the Ascension, which, as a surface view, seems to mean his absence and withdrawal from the world, is really a pledge and token of his presence. Physical absence is spiritual presence. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the

world." He is present as power to reinforce our wills, to lift us into the enthusiasm of a great purpose, to help us to ascend with him into a world rich with spiritual forces. All this, and much more, does the Ascension mean. And we shall understand its meaning in proportion as we take Christ for our friend and helper.

The Religious Resources of the Modern Man

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Dr. Hough was born in Ohio in 1877, educated at Scio College, Drew Theological Seminary and New York University. He was ordained as a Methodist minister in 1988. Since that time he has held pastorates in New Jersey, New York, Maryland and Michigan. For a time Dr. Hough was Professor of Historical Theology in Garrett Seminary and for a year was President of Northwestern University. Since 1920 he has been Pastor of the great Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Detroit. One of the most gifted and influential preachers of the English-speaking world, Dr. Hough enjoys a wide following both in America and abroad. He is a scholar, a bookman, a poet and, above all, a preacher of the timeless and the eternal. Gifted with a gracious nature, a musical style and almost unerring honesty, he shares the best of Christian philosophy with the humblest man in the pew by making that philosophy both understandable and contagious. Like Bishop Henson, he is the author of an amazing number of books. Among Dr. Hough's published works must be mentioned, *The Imperial Voice*, *Productive Beliefs*, *Life and History*, *Synthetic Christianity* and the Fernley Lecture, delivered at Lincoln, England, —*Evangelical Humanism*—a volume which, in spite of its almost paradoxical title, is of golden worth and should not be neglected by any preacher desirous of achieving his best as a Steward of the Mysteries of God in this day of confusion and perplexity.

The Religious Resources of the Modern Man

By Lynn Harold Hough, Litt.D., Th.D., D.D.

"Light, which lighteth every man coming into the world."
JOHN 1:9

HE writings which appear under the name of John in the New Testament are characterized by phrases and sentences which flash like a sudden gleam of light. A few words will open up a whole new world of thought. There is a sort of darting insight and a freshness of mind which fills the reader with glad surprise. Sometimes these bits of sentences have little to do with the context, as if the thought came suddenly, and the author moved on to something else, half frightened by the vista which opened so amazingly before him. A very characteristic utterance of this sort is found in the words which we have read as a text. Speaking of Jesus as a light to

which John the Baptizer bore witness, there comes this utterly unexpected phrase: "The true light, which lighteth every man coming into the world." All sorts of wonderful vistas immediately open up. You see those rays which focused so marvelously in the personality of Jesus diffused and widened so that what was perfectly expressed in him in some fashion and in some measure found its way to every human life. And you begin to think of the golden gleams of truth and beauty in every religion which has commanded the allegiance of man, and of the fashion in which these varied rays of light join and become one in that radiant personality which comes like the burst of dawn over the eastern hills of the world.

It is just because of these rays of light that men have found some sort of resource in the religions of the world. It would take us too far afield to attempt just now to appraise even a little those insights which give high quality

to the great ethnic religions. But we may well think for a little while of the fashion in which men have found moral and spiritual resources in the religion of the Old Testament and the New, and the fashion in which great epochs have found the Christian religion ever full of unsuspected potency, before we think specifically of those resources which religion brings to the modern man.

RESOURCES OF OLD TESTAMENT RELIGION

What were, then, the resources which religion brought to the Old Testament saint? We may reply that there were two great contributions which the religion of the Old Testament made to the lives of those who actually accepted its sanctions. In the first place, they were delivered from something very dangerous and very evil. There was no such thing in that old Semitic world as an irreligious man. But there was such a thing as religion

which enshrined the darkest evils which have allured the human heart. Religion as hot emotion, without moral insight or spiritual power, was found everywhere. It was intense with all the energy of untamed desire. It often won the support of a rich society and became socially powerful. But it was a surrender to those elements of the natural life which must be held in stern and noble self-control. And it sank into depths of beastliness which the clean mind has no desire to penetrate. All the while this sort of thing was attempting to invade the life of the Old Testament worshiper. And all too often he surrendered. But the religion of the prophets is lifted clear and clean above all lawless emotion and untamed desire. The beast is cast out of the temple. And man is taught to cast the beast out of his own heart. But the religion of the prophets was much more than the mighty condemnation of a worship which was the apotheosis of debauchery. It was full

of a positive and glowing energy. It lifted righteousness from the realm of abstraction and made it personal. It was the worship of a God with a character. It is significant that the Greek looked to the philosopher and not to the priest for moral guidance. It did not occur to him that worship should involve an interpretation of the moral meaning of life. Israel witnessed the nuptials of worship and righteousness. And that, indeed, was the most important single event in the history of religion. To make the moral law personal is to see every matter of right and wrong with new clarity and with a new compulsion. It is not strange that Principal Sir George Adam Smith has said: "The Old Testament gives conscience new ears and new eyes." If the moral law lives in the life of God everything is changed. And that it does so live is the deepest insight of Hebrew prophecy. For the prophet came to know that God is righteousness alive. Thus in a negative and in

a positive way religion was a mighty resource to the Old Testament saint. It saved him from depths unspeakable. And it filled his life with a creative moral enthusiasm. It made his worship his ally in the battle for character.

THE RESOURCES OF THE EARLY CHURCH

What were the resources which religion brought to the Christians of the first four centuries? The reply may be put into one very significant word. That word is vitality. The constant impression which Jesus made upon his contemporaries was that he was more fully and potently alive than any man who had ever lived before him. Triumphant vitality glowed in his eyes. It vibrated in his words. It was felt in the touch of his hand. And that vitality was transmitted to his followers. It was as if a lovely springtime of the spirit had quite suddenly come to the

world. All kinds of people felt the power of it. Wise and foolish, rich and poor, powerful and lowly, were made vividly and vigorously and victoriously alive. The mighty Roman Empire seemed touched with a coming senility when its weary potentates faced the sheer commanding energy of the inspired peasants whom Jesus had made leaders in his kingdom. Rome had vast stores of knowledge. Rome had astounding powers of organization. Rome had everything except vitality. In the midst of its own splendors Rome had begun to lose interest in the vast imperial game. The lethargy of moral and spiritual decadence was settling heavily upon it. And over its great roads and upon the streets of its cities these men of compelling personality and vital power began to move. Of course, life is the one thing which is really irresistible. No wonder that by the time the fourth century came the new life was conquering the old dignified lifelessness. And by the

time of Constantine the cross was emblazoned upon the imperial banner. To the early Christians Christianity was life abundant and overflowing. And it was also love. For the very genius of this life was a glad and growing devotion to the good of all men everywhere. It was love broadly diffused without becoming thin. It was a sort of kindled expectation which met every human life eagerly and with endless moral and spiritual hope. The love which put a cross in the heart of Jesus before it carried him to Golgotha, put a cross in the hearts of all his followers. They all so loved that they were willing to give. So Christianity created men more living and loving than the world had known before.

The centuries which we so easily describe as the Middle Ages revealed the resources of religion in two ways. There were those to whom religion was essentially an escape. Life had nothing to give them which they

prized. It was full of intolerable evil. Already in spirit they journeyed to that land of heart's desire which lay beyond the grave. "Jerusalem the Golden" pours out the very heart of a saint of the Middle Ages who longed, above all, for escape from this evil world and for the beatific glories of the world to come. It was that picture kept glowing in the heart which gave men courage in bitter and evil days. And by anticipation the ascetic of the Middle Ages already enjoyed those spiritual raptures which made every beauty of this passing earth seem a thing with the breath of the grave upon it. But if to one group of men in these dark and difficult centuries religion offered escape, to another group it offered the opportunity for conquest. To a mind like that of Hildebrand or Innocent III, nothing was clearer than that Jesus had the right to reign in all the relationships and over all the powers of the world. The visible assertion of the lordship of the Son

of God was the supreme passion of Hildebrand, and he left it deep in the heart of the Church. So a vast career of world-wide activity was opened to the man who held in his heart a consuming ambition for the enthroning of Christ in the affairs of men. We are not now concerned with the faults and follies of those who held this view. We are content to remind ourselves that in the Middle Ages religion offered two tremendous experiences to two different types of men. It offered escape to one. It offered conquest to the other. And sometimes one man had a large enough range of experience to feel the need of each and to appropriate them both.

RENAISSANCE AND REFORMATION

What resources did religion offer to the men of the Renaissance? We approach this question with especial interest because it is now Christianity which is ancient and vener-

able, and the breath of a new life has come to the secular world. For hundreds of years men had scarcely dared to love nature for its own sake. The earth created its miracle of springtime with irresponsive men and women upon it. The love of this visible world was a thing foreign to the characteristic mood of the Middle Ages. And the older cultures, with their sweet serenities, had almost passed from the minds of men. Then the great awakening came. The flowers called once more with insistent voices. Springtime once more laid insistent hand upon the heart of man. And after the fall of Constantinople the glory of Greece once more became the inheritance of men of the West. The world was converted from other-worldliness, and gave its heart with an abandon of rapture to the glories of nature and the glories of the human mind. Religion must have seemed to many very thin and worn and old. And yet in the very day when all this was happening the royal pow-

ers of religion were not without witness. There was a spiritual apprehension of the meaning of the great period of rebirth. There was a sense that this world of nature and this world of art belonged to the God who had spoken to the world in the life and words and death and resurrection of Jesus. There was a sense of Christianity as lord of the springtime of knowledge and taste even as it was lord of the quenchless spirit of man. Christianity was large enough to include the Renaissance. And so religion became a very great resource in the lives of the men for whom it made the new knowledge and the new love of beauty the servant of the Christian motives.

What resources did religion offer to the men of the Reformation? In the Middle Ages the individual was lost in the Church or in the state. To the man of that period solidarity was always a greater thing than individuality. The new birth of knowledge

and of taste was inevitably followed by a new sense of the significance of the individual. On the political side this became democracy. On the religious side it became Protestantism. The right of the individual man to find immediate access to God, his right to private judgment as he read the Scriptures, his right to a sense of the priceless value of his own personality—these matters were central in the Reformation in every land. It is not too much to say that they gave religion a new and almost fiery reality in the consciousness of multitudes of men. For the Reformation meant that profound stirrings of the human spirit, great adventures after liberty, deep and scornful impatience with intolerable tyranny, were gathered up and given complete spiritual expression. To a typical man of the Reformation religion was indeed the central verity and the supreme power of life. It was his great resource. "A mighty fortress is our God,"

expresses the awed and belligerent and glorious sense of it.

What resources did religion bring to the men and women of the period of the evangelical revival? To the eighteenth-century deist God was not so much inaccessible as uninterested. Cool urbanity had taken the place of creative enthusiasm. Worship was a propriety rather than an inspiration. The Christian passion was not threatened by another passion which seemed more powerful. On the contrary, all passion was discredited. There were plenty of altars, but there were no altar fires. The foe of Christianity was not a rugged and gigantic body. It was an impalpable spirit. Religion did not find itself confronted by a frowning mountain. It found itself depleted by an atmosphere in which it seemed that creative enthusiasm could not survive. And once again in the very midst of this difficult and challenging situation Christianity revealed its power. It spoke to the conscience

with such clear candor that it revealed all the pitiable inadequacy of the self-sufficiency of the age. And it offered to men a personal experience of moral and spiritual transformation which made all things new. The fires of a personal Christian experience never burned more brightly than amid the ashes of an age which had destroyed so many enthusiasms. The man of moral honesty found a meaning in religion as moral and spiritual deliverance which was all the more commanding because of the critical quality of the age in which he lived.

CHRISTIANITY IN A SCIENTIFIC AGE

So it is clear that in the terms of all sorts of social and ethical and intellectual situations religion has proved the great resource of men. And now we come to our great question. What resources has religion to offer to the modern man? What is the message of Chris-

tianity in a scientific age? Will those sanctions which have proved powerful in so many and so varied situations lose their masterful appeal in our own days? Or will Christianity prove regal to-day even as it has done in the past?

The scientific spirit is not a new thing in the world. Aristotle expressed its sanctions in the fourth century before Christ. The city of Alexandria saw many an expression of its quality in the Hellenistic period. The seventeenth century saw flashes of bright light in the sky. The eighteenth century made its own contribution. But the publication of Darwin's epoch-making work in 1859 marked the beginning of a new age. And since that time the activity of the observing, classifying mind has been the most astounding human phenomenon on this planet. We live in a new world since the classification of these thousands of uniformities in the physical realm. And any sanctions which maintain

themselves must prove the capacity to maintain themselves in the world which the physical and biological scientists have given us.

The first characteristic of the new world is its unity. The conservation of energy is its fundamental fact. From the tiniest creature found by means of a microscope to the farthest planet we have learned to find one vast embracing law. The unity of the universe has come home to our minds, and it has captured our imagination. It is very clear the moment we begin carefully to think of it that there is no cause for disturbance in this regard among the men of religion. If science had revealed a world without unity and without law, there would be cause for the gravest sort of questioning if not for tragic consternation. But a world steadily and surely held by laws which are uniform and can be understood and utilised is just the sort of world we should expect to be given us by the God whose face we have seen in the face

of Christ. A universe of anarchy and not a universe of law would confuse the Christian. And as we think of this vast unity as the expression of the very dependableness of the character of God, we see that it has a tremendous religious value. The revelation of God through an orderly universe, a universe upon which you can depend, is a tremendous asset of the Christian faith. "Oh, how I love thy law" is a lyrical outburst with a vastly expanded significance to the scientific Christian. The music of the order of the universe has its own power to kindle rapture. The unity of the world is more than a scientific postulate. It is the basis for a joyous poetry of religion as well as for the procession of experiments, which make up the tale of advancing science.

And right in this world where we have been learning the meaning of unity, we are now learning the meaning of variety. Whatever else the discoveries of Einstein mean, they at

least make it clear that there is room in a world of order for a wealth and richness and variety of experience which at first we had not anticipated. Order is to be a judge. It is not to be a tyrant. Indeed, as we see that a free-moving mind has discovered all the uniformities of nature we see that there must be room in the scheme of things for freedom as well as for uniformity. The mind of the scientist illustrates freedom at the moment when he is discovering uniformity. So stability and relativity, freedom and uniformity, combine to make the universe in which we live. And is this not just the parallel of what the man of religion finds in his own experience with men and with God? There is fundamental stability. And yet there is creative freedom. There is law. And yet there is liberty. The place where unity and variety meet is, we can now see, the goal of science. We already know that it is the heart of religion. And so the new sense of variety is precisely

a thing which the man of religion is ready to welcome. The resources of religion are seen in fuller perspective in the light of it. For law and liberty make up religion even as we are coming to see uniformity and relativity together tell us the truth about science.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

We now come to what may seem a more pressing and a far more difficult matter. The new study of psychology has brought us face to face with manifold facts regarding the subconscious. How are they to be related to the sanctions of religion? At first it may seem that the Freudian psychology has quite inverted all our views and has made the historic codes of morals obsolete. We are all the while deciding not to do things as we follow the historic codes. And we are all the while sending down into the subconscious poisonous desires which will rise to plague us

later. The more we refuse to do things we believe to be wrong, the more it would seem, according to this interpretation, we are laying up for ourselves days of dark and terrible eruption in the future. And the moral—or immoral—of it all would seem to be that it is wiser just to let ourselves go and to follow our impulses. A little clear and careful analysis of the facts, however, will give us a good deal of light upon this situation. We must frankly admit that the aspect of experience which we have learned to call the subconscious is a matter of the greatest significance. But we need to remind ourselves that it is possible to send good things as well as evil things down to this vast reservoir of motives and impulses. And if what we send down is good, that which is good will come back. The subconscious can be made a treasure house of nobility instead of being a prison of evil desires. What we send down to the subconscious is precisely what will come back

to us. Have we any reason to complain of that? Jesus put it all into one sentence, "The pure in heart shall see God." The matter of the inhibitions which come back to plague us deserves, too, a little more inspection. As a matter of fact, if a man is fighting an evil thing and only fights long enough to be able to refuse to do it, without conquering his way into hatred of the evil and love of the opposite good, a sort of poison does remain in his life. He has not fought his fight to a finish. He has kept the love of evil, while for the moment he has refused to do an evil deed. And of course his love of evil will come back a menace and a temptation. But if he fights his way through to the very end of the conflict, faces the whole meaning of the evil he combats, and conquers the love of it, that which goes down below the level of consciousness will be true and pure and fine and will come back his ally in the days to come. He will make the subconscious his friend and

not his foe. But there is even more which needs to be said. If we think of a racial biological inheritance which may give us difficulty, first of all we must remember that it has good as well as evil to give us. But we must go on to a farther truth. For the stream which is a sort of radical biological memory is not the deepest thing in the subconscious life. Deeper than that flows the stream of that *élan vital* which is the vital energy of the universe, the life of God energizing the life of the world. That clear pure stream of divine purpose and power is the deepest thing in the life of the world, and a hard-pressed man driven by whatever momentum of cumulative biological pressure can go beneath all this to that stream of the life of God through the soul of man and release a power cleansing and purifying and vital. The deepest thing in the subconscious relates itself not to time, but to eternity. If a man will go deeply enough he will find God. Far below all biological

memories flow the pure currents of the life of God. If a man goes deeply enough to find them, all fear is turned to triumphant hope. God is the Lord of the subconscious. Only here as elsewhere we must seek the depths, and not remain in the turbid waters which lie between.

SELF-SACRIFICE IN EVOLUTION

The evolutionary process itself is in reality a matter of the most heartening relation to the behests and the vitalities of religion. The tooth and claw and sharp self-assertion seem a bitter travesty upon the law of self-forgetfulness. But this is only one-half the story. As Prince Kropotkin has pointed out, the whole process is full of the story of mutual aid. As a matter of fact, motherhood is indigenous in the whole biological process. And motherhood is self-sacrifice alive. So the two motives of self-assertion and self-denial for

the sake of life run through the whole story of evolution just as they find their deepest harmony in the sanctions of religion. The motherhood inherent in the biological movement is based upon a principle which at last finds perfect expression in the cross. In fact, the whole movement is on the way to Jesus. And so we are ready for the notable assertion of Professor Simpson that Christ is the consummation of the whole process of evolution. The truth is that you must judge the process by its goal. All the while life is being pressed forward, and those forms which will not advance fall out of the movement and perish. To refuse to go forward is the evolutionary equivalent of sin. To refuse to accept the insight of the new stage of life is to miss the very meaning of it all. And so a large enough survey will reveal a vast movement whose goal is the life of Jesus, and the ethics of Jesus, and the death of Jesus. The whole biological process has that as its consummation. And

at every stage it is against those forms of life which refuse to take the next step and is for those which are ready to take it. A man who is fighting for clean and noble living, in his own life and in society, does not find that the evolutionary process is his foe. It is his ally. It is not against him. It is for him. The selfish and unclean man in the world to-day is simply a man who is insisting upon breaking out of the evolutionary process and going backward. He has chosen the way of decadence and decay. Nature has a method with the forms which break out of the forward movement. It condemns them, first to degeneracy and then to extinction. All this simply reveals that the evolutionary process is not something foreign to the sanctions for which a man of religion cares. It gives him a new vocabulary. It does not alter the moral law. It reinforces in the long run every sanction which makes for ethical and spiritual life. And the perception that, in fact, the process

which we find such learned words to describe is, after all, just God in action, brings back all the glow and wonder of the religious life in the very world which science controls. There is, indeed, a mysticism and a poetry of science which we are only beginning to apprehend.

The truth is that the world of experience, in which Jesus Christ is Saviour and Master and Lord, has nothing to fear but everything to gain from the knowledge as regards unity and diversity, as regards the subconscious and as regards the evolutionary process, which scientific study has brought to light. Just as he transcended and fulfilled the ideals of the Old Testament, just as he inspired the supreme devotion of the Middle Ages, just as he gave a nobler vitality to the Renaissance and a supreme inspiration to the Reformation, just as he was the creative center of the piety of the evangelical revival, so he is ready to master and make his own the experiences and the sanctions of the new knowledge, using

them all for the furtherance of the great purposes of the kingdom of God. There has never been a day when religion stood at the gateway of human life with a more commanding word of leadership. The world of science is the world of that master who in every age has bent human thought and human interpretation to his own purposes. So, speaking to us in the language of our own life and experience, he remains king of kings and lord of lords.

Misjudgments of Jesus

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Dr. Richards was educated at Mansfield College, Oxford University. After completing his studies at Oxford, he entered the Congregational ministry and accepted a call to the Congregational Church of Peterhead, Scotland, in 1906. In 1910 he went to the Collins Street Church, Melbourne, Victoria, and at later intervals served with distinction the parishes of Bowden and Chapel, Liverpool. In 1924 Dr. Richards accepted a call to succeed Dr. Sidney Berry at Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham —the pulpit made glorious by the genius of Dale and Jowett. Dr. Richards' preaching reveals a married harmony between the Hebrew spirit and the Greek. There is unity, and not conflict, between the demands of holiness and the love of beauty. As in the poetry of Robert Browning, so in the preaching of Dr. Richards, the two are made one. Here is a great preacher, now in the full tide of his ministry and representative of the finest thinking of the British Free Churches—a man of God, looking out upon the world's need from a Christian shrine which is all the more beautiful because the lovely lights of Hellas are permitted to shine upon it.

Misjudgments of Jesus

By Leyton Richards, M.A.

"*Think not I came to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy, but to fulfill.*"

MATTHEW V : 17

HERE were two occasions recorded in the Gospels on which Jesus challenged men not to misjudge him. The first was the occasion on which the words of our text were uttered. The other occasion was when he used the same term, "Think not": "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." I hope to deal with that later.

Now in both cases the English phrase "Think not" is a translation of the same comparatively rare word in New Testament Greek. It occurs, as a matter of fact, only five times in the Gospels. It is not the word usually employed when the New Testament de-

sires to give the idea of thought or reason. It indicates—it is a bad translation to say "think not"—not thought in the usually accepted sense of the word, but rather expectancy, or still more, acquiescing in a customary or a traditional view. In the text Jesus seeks to guard against a customary view, against taking things for granted. He knew the customary view was sure to be wide of the maker, therefore he said, Do not misjudge.

In order to appreciate his disclaimer, both here and in the subsequent text, we must take into account Jewish anticipations concerning the Messiah. At that time these interpretations were based upon what to-day we call the apocalyptic writings of the Jews, that which had been divinely revealed. We find very few of them in the Old Testament. They mostly came in the stormy period of Jewish history, between the close of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New. Suffice to say, however, these expectations at the time

of Jesus were based rather upon the apocalyptic writing of the Jews, upon anticipation of a cataclysmic coming of the Messiah, rather than the writings of the Old Testament. The Jews, that is to say, looked for a Messiah who should overthrow the powers of evil which held Israel in subjection. The Messiah was to be a revolutionary, he was going to start a revolution. You see that plainly enough in the words of the forerunner of Jesus. John the Baptist was evidently obsessed with the apocalyptic message of his time. "There cometh one after me whose fan is in his hand, thoroughly to cleanse his threshing floor and to gather the wheat into his garner, but the chaff shall be burned up with unquenchable fire." You will see they are all metaphors of destruction. That was the accepted idea of the Messiah at the time Jesus lived, and one has to say that in certain respects Jesus did seem to justify these anticipations.

There was his teaching, for instance. At the

very outset, if it stands in chronological order, it was a challenge, almost an affront, to the customary world morality. "Ye have heard it has been said, but I say unto you"—something else, something different, something revolutionary. In many respects the teaching of Jesus was a direct inversion of accepted standards. To the Jews, for instance, he certainly seemed to attack the law and the prophets. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." No leader of Judaism would recognize himself in that category. It was a direct affront to the arrogance of the religious leaders. To the Romans, on the other hand, he seemed to depreciate the imperial power. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall"—do what Rome has done; they shall inherit the earth. That was a flat defiance of Roman rule. Therefore it was a perfectly natural influence and expectation that Jesus came to destroy, to break down; that he was a revolutionary. But, these contemporary expectations of the Messiah, according

to Jesus himself, were false. Therefore Jesus said, "Think not; do not stand upon these current expectations, do not judge me by the customary idea of the Messiah"—for "custom" is the very root of the word—"for I come, not as a revolutionary, I come not to destroy, but to fulfil."

Yet, despite this disclaimer in our text, Jesus is still misjudged, precisely in that way against which he sought to guard himself. He is still regarded, that is to say, by many people, as the destroyer. Let us review certain of these modern misjudgments. First of all, let me say Jesus is misjudged in regard to common morality. It sounds a strange thing to say, but I think it is so. Because Christianity stresses the spirit, rather than the letter, of the moral law, therefore the mistake has been made—you see it written big in the history of the Church in certain periods—that the moral law is therefore superseded. Because the Christian is not held by the law, therefore the law

does not count, it is not binding. The Decalogue was all very well for the primitive Jews, but Christianity has altered all that. Therefore in certain particulars the Commandments are no longer obligatory. Now, of course, the argument is very rarely put as bluntly or crudely as that, but it is an assumption behind a great deal of the modern contempt for traditional standards of morality. If you want a classic statement of this misjudgment of Jesus, turn to the Epistle to the Romans, which deals with what theologians call antinomianism. That simply means in plain English, lawlessness. The position held by many Christians within the Church of Rome was this. The Jewish law, the moral law, was done away with by Jesus. Love ruled instead of law, therefore the Christian man could do just as he liked, provided he acted in love, or what was deemed to be love. Even sin, or what the world deemed sin, or what the moral law deemed sin, became a virtue if com-

mitted in the name of Christ. Now, it is against that view of Jesus as a destroyer of the moral law that Paul lashes out with argument, scorn, ridicule, pleading, every dialectical weapon at his hand. What then? Shall we sin? Is it a justification for violating the moral law because we are under grace, and not law? God forbid! God forbid! It is a contradiction of the very being and purpose of God Himself.

That was the position in the first century. Now it is quite easy, especially for us who are in the Free Churches with a Protestant and Puritan inheritance to pride ourselves that the moral law stands with the same authority as heretofore. Yet the Churches are lamenting the fact that the moral law is losing its hold. We see a distinctly retrograde movement in that respect to-day. The moral law is being attacked to-day. Traditional morality—the Ten Commandments, if you like—is attacked as in the first century, in the very

name of Christianity. We are not under the law; we are under grace. It is an irrelevance to talk about the moral law being binding. The most conspicuous region invaded by this modern antinomianism is the relation between the sexes. The minute I mention that, you know what I mean. You know that there the moral law has ceased to be what it used to be. It may be in a part a reaction and a necessary reaction from the excessive prudery of the mid-Victorian period. This reaction from—if you like to put it so—the strait-laced morality of the mid-Victorian era finds its justification in the plea that laws such as those dealing with divorce and separation, which are very seriously attacked to-day (and the Church must keep her hands off; if she is to act in a truly Christian spirit, she must agree to the loosening and not the tightening of legal sanctions in regard to moral matters); I say this antinomianism finds justification in the plea that moral and statute laws are an

irrelevance in the presence of that love which is natural between men and women, and the practice of which was inculcated by Jesus Christ. It is in the very name of Christian love that we are told to subvert the moral law to-day. I could find plenty of literature with which to prove my statement. I am not going to advertise the books, which you can get in cheap editions, though the reading of them gives one a sense of boredom and nausea, and I am not sure whether that is not the best cure for this kind of antinomianism. If that kind of prurient literature is the best to be said for playing ducks and drakes with the Seventh Commandment, very well then; it is pretty obvious that we have to grapple that Seventh Commandment to our souls with bands of steel. We are all familiar with neurotic novels and films whose theme is generally marital infidelity. The bonds of matrimony may be set aside, disregarded; we are told there is the demand for what is called some "grand pas-

sion." Now, however absurd it may seem, this very repudiation is being made as in the first century in the name of that spiritual freedom wherewith Christ has set us free. We are told we are not bound by legalities. Where love is, there is life, and love is the sanction and the justification for the subversion of the moral law. That is to say, the name of Jesus Christ is being pleaded to-day as the sanction for destroying both the law and the prophets.

Therefore, there is still need to affirm, even in connection with our common, everyday moralities, that Jesus Christ came not to destroy but to fulfill. It is quite true that to follow him, to be moved by his spirit, is not to be guided by the mere letter of the law. We are not governed by a number of crude Thou shalt nots. We are free. Paul declares we are free as Christian men and women to follow the impulse of our Christian love. Yes, but our love must be truly Christian, and when love is pleaded to-day as the justifica-

tion for subverting the moral law, the adjective is left out. We shall never play fast and loose with the moral law, for our love is the fulfilling of the law, and not the destruction of it. That is just as true in the relation between the sexes as anywhere else. From the Christian point of view man is set in families —what for? To tie himself up in inextricable legal bonds? Not a bit of it. Man is set in families for the training and discipline of the soul. Man is set in families—it is God's economy for the human race—in order that man may become a fit member of the family of God. How else can he become so unless he serves his apprenticeship, goes to school in the training ground of the human family. It is there man learns to love. It is a biological truth, as well as a spiritual one. The family, and family ties, rigid and unbreakable, are the foundation of society. Without that, man's soul would never have gone through discipline that makes him capable of loving

God and of the family to the natural or the physical desire of the individual—I am not pretending the family is always perfect; there is only one perfect family, the family of God—anything which subordinates the unity of the family, that instrument of divine discipline in this world, to the desire of the individual, is not—whatever it may be—love as Jesus displayed it. Whatever its disguise, whatever name it comes under, it is radically selfish, and selfishness is always at variance with the purposes of God; and it can never train a man for membership of the divine family. It is quite true that Christianity releases from the mere letter and text of the law, but only in order that the law may be better fulfilled in spirit and in truth. Jesus came not to destroy the moral law, but to fulfill it.

In the second place, Jesus is misjudged again in regard to social idealism. There are, as you know, certain schools of thought, fairly dominant at the present time, always

ready to acclaim Jesus as a social revolutionary. If the Church will not get in behind the movement, she is false to her master and no good to democracy. The Church is always being told she ought to do this, that, and the other. The distinction is made, on the one hand, between the Churches, for which democracy has very little use, and Christ, whom the same men are always or generally ready to greet with a cheer. The Churches are disowned, but Jesus, by these schools of thought to which I have referred, is applauded. That is to say, Jesus is regarded as a destroyer of the old social order, a precursor and prophet of a new order. This estimate of Jesus is based upon a truth. If it were pure falsehood it would not persist. At any rate, it is a half-truth. Have you ever read the "Magnificat" thoughtfully? Have you ever done any more than gabble it over as a familiar Christian hymn? It is a hymn, which the Church has accepted as a Christian hymn, em-

bodying the very purpose and spirit of Jesus Christ.

Listen to it: "He hath showed the strength of His arm, He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away." That sounds revolutionary enough. As a matter of fact, there is no more revolutionary document in all literature. Moreover, it is in harmony right through with Jesus' obvious care for the poor, the outcast, the exploited, and the down-trodden in every walk of life, social, economic, personal, national, racial. Therefore it does seem to make out Jesus as preëminently an iconoclast, one who came into the midst of an inequitable social order that he might destroy, overturn, and reconstruct from the bottom up. But here again Jesus came not to destroy, but to fulfill. I believe the social revo-

lutionary is undoubtedly right when he claims Jesus as a friend of a juster social order. In one sense Jesus, and every follower of Jesus, may be considered, if you like, as a destroyer of that which is unjust and inequitable. But if the social revolutionary is right there, he is just as undoubtedly wrong when he fails to see that Jesus destroys only by fulfilling. I mean this. Jesus does not, and Christianity does not, set out to force a new order upon society, upon unwilling men and women. For one thing, you cannot do it. We talk of society as if it were a sort of mass movement, *en bloc,* you can impose from above. What is society? A fellowship of individuals. Until you get individuals right, you will never get society right. Therefore, what does Jesus do? He comes to this society of ours with all its inequity—and one cannot pass through our slums without seeing its inequity and being smitten to the soul with shame because of one's comfort—Jesus comes to this in-

equitable social order and his followers come to it in order first of all to encourage that which is good, all that is gracious, all that is lovely in existing human relationships. You know that is really the problem of the social order. If it were wholly bad it could be swept away, but it is such a mixture of good and ill. Look at the Gospel records and see how Jesus treats the publicans and sinners, those who were battening on the poverty of the poor. He did not denounce them from the house-top. He called to Zacchæus, "There is a great deal of good in you and I am coming to your house." Jesus did not merely denounce the bad; he encouraged the good. "Master, if I have wronged anyone, I restore it threefold." If we could get that spirit into our modern society, how speedily our problems might be solved. Jesus knew what our modern world, with its pathetic faith in legislation, has got to learn. Jesus knew what has been confirmed by nineteen centuries of

tragedy and tears. Only good will ever dissolve the evil in the social order. Love, which is God's potent remedy, the only power God uses in His dealings with men, will overcome hate and ill will, and if love cannot, there is nothing else in God's universe that can. Violence cannot do it. Love only will ultimately dissolve the hate and fear and mutual suspicion that to-day divide the world up into hostile camps. New human relationships have to be created. Is it not that for which the Church stands? Only as they are created can there ever be a new order of society. So here is the climax. The vision of the social revolutionary—and one does not despise it, of course, when it is inspired by a terrific passion for the poor and the down-trodden—can only be fulfilled by the working of the Christian spirit. The social idea finds its climax in the kingdom and in the kingship of Christ.

Thirdly and lastly: Jesus is misjudged not only in regard to morality and in regard to

social idealism, but also in regard to religious belief. We are all of us familiar with the modern objection to the Churches. I suppose no minister can be unaware of it for a couple of weeks together—the modern objection to the Churches on the ground that it is the spirit of Christianity which counts, and not its doctrines. Sometimes it is put like this: "If I live a Christian life, what does it matter what I believe? It is the life that counts. Surely I can be a Christian without committing myself to the theory of the Atonement or to belief in the deity of Jesus Christ." A man said that to me only a few days ago. That is to say, in this view, Jesus destroys the tyranny of dogma, sets his followers free from the bondage of exact definition. So he does, but he does it by fulfillment, not by destruction. That is where the modern critic of the Churches misreads and misjudges Jesus Christ. The most important and the essential thing from the first to last is, of course,

the Christian life, except it be the Christian creed. Yes, but what is the Christian life, except it be the visible embodiment of things you believe? It is not the words you utter that are your real creed, it is the life you live. That shows what you really believe. If you are living a godly life it shows you believe in God; if a Christian life, it shows you have faith in Jesus Christ. Though you may recite the Apostles' creed and all the others, if you go out and deceive your neighbor or throttle your competitor or curse your enemy, it shows you have no Christianity about you. To analyze and think out the meaning of a real Christian life is in the long run to form natural dogmas of Christianity. Face the fact of Jesus Christ, and what happens? You discover, if you press far enough, that you interpret Christ in the light of his character. You find that when once you have faced the fact of Jesus with your mind and your soul you cannot conceive of God except in the

terms of the character of Jesus. It is through that experience that men come to affirm the deity of Jesus Christ. You may phrase it differently. It does not matter. Once you face the fact of Christ, you can only think of God in the terms of life, and there you have the dogma of the deity of Jesus and the incarnation. The creed may not be the first thing, but it is there. Walk by faith in Jesus Christ, trust him for every turn of your daily walk and conversation. What then? This! You find you are at one with the purpose of the universe. Therefore, you come at once to the doctrine of the Atonement. Whatever your explanation is, you are forming by your life, which is at one with God, the doctrine of the at-one-ment. It is on that fact of Christian experience that the doctrine of the Atonement was originally built. Again, you add to your experience of God in Christ your experience of God in nature, as creator, and your experience of God in your own soul as one who in-

spires you. There you have the basis of the facts from which was evolved the doctrine of the Trinity. That doctrine, however obscure, is the only rational explanation that has ever been forged and thrashed out in the mind of man of the threefold experience of God in Christ, God in nature, and God in the soul. So in every case the Christian life does begin with dogma. It also ends with dogma—always. The Christian spirit comes not to destroy historic creeds. It fulfills and confirms them by reinterpreting them in the lights of our personal experiences.

So from the first, until now, Jesus has been misjudged by friends and foes alike and he is still regarded as one whose mission it was to destroy. Ah, but, men and women, that is to misread the genius of Christianity, because its function now as always is not to destroy, but to fulfill. After all, Jesus was the embodiment of all that human life has vainly been trying to express throughout the cen-

turies. The Christian life you and I are called to live is one which comes to this world with all its imperfections, all its inequity, all the problems which puzzle and perplex, with all its temptations, its sorrows, its joys, not to destroy its imperfections, but just through our life to touch those imperfections with a new spirit which shall fulfill in every realm the very purpose of God in Jesus Christ.

Some Friends of Mine in Paradise

THE REV. FREDERICK FRANKLIN SHANNON, D.D., Minister, Central Church, Orchestra Hall, Chicago.

Dr. Shannon was born in Morris County, Kansas, February 11, 1877. He was educated at Bell Buckle, Tenn., and at Harvard University. In 1899 he received ordination as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and subsequently held pastorates in Logan, West Virginia, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and in Grace Methodist Church, Brooklyn. In 1912 Dr. Shannon was called to the pulpit of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn. Here he remained—enjoying an ever-widening reputation—until 1919, when he was called to the pulpit of historic Central Church, Chicago, as the last of that famous succession of great preachers—Swing, Hillis, and Gunsaulus. Dr. Shannon possesses the soul of a poet, the background of a scholar, and the technique of an artist. No Velasquez ever mixed his colors with greater skill than Shannon reveals in the use of his winged words. His sentences are colorful, richly rhetorical and always illuminating. There is about his preaching something akin to the strength and grandeur of a Gothic tower—something, also, that reminds one of beautiful blossoms, babbling brooks, and singing birds. From his pulpit in Orchestra Hall, and the microphone beside it, Dr. Shannon preaches to one of the largest Sunday morning audiences in the world. His books include such titles as *The Enchanted Universe*, *The New Personality*, *The Land of Beginning Again*, and *The Infinite Artist.*

Some Friends of Mine in Paradise

By Rev. Frederick Franklin Shannon, D.D.

"*And he said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*"

LUKE XXIII : 43

OR the subject of our sermon, I am borrowing the title of one of the essays of that rare soul, the late William A. Quayle. The text is familiar to the heart of Christendom; the context describes one of the two or three supreme events in the history of the world—the crucifixion of our Lord and Savior. The scene holds a darkness that can almost be felt; yet, like a fountain in a parched waste, or a fruitful tree in a desert of doom, or a burst of music down a discordant street, my text is refreshing, green, melodious; it is like releasing an angel of peace into the very heart of anarchy and death. For in a world gone mad with hate

the Master pauses, even in dying, long enough to whisper words of love and hope to a soul that had known little enough of either in an age of terrible cruelty.

A kind of River of Life Anthology, I think this study should prove at once strength-giving and inspiring to all of us. For, while I am speaking of some of my own friends in Paradise, you will be saying: "Yes, I, too, have some one just like that Over There." Thus, by playing the chimes of memory in my own soul, I think you will be answering back peal for peal, chime for chime. While our human experiences are definitely individual, do they not partake, also, especially if they are rich and deep, of that which is ageless and universal?

I

The first of my friends in Paradise I name Charity—which was in truth her baptismal

name. Moreover, it was a name that suited her character as color suits a rose. She lived within more than speaking acquaintance with that majestic figure of Charity drawn by Paul. Left alone with a brood of children in comparatively young womanhood, she found that Charity only was able to meet the rigorous demands of life. What a mother and grandmother and neighborhood mother got beautifully fused in Charity's soul! Her own children thought that there was none like her, before, or since. Her grandchildren rose up to call her blessed. As in the case of the nephews and nieces of Stevenson's Aunt June, or Henry Ward Beecher's Aunt Esther, Charity's grandchildren were born a second time through her love and tenderness.

She was at once strong and happy—or happy and strong; I scarcely know which is the correct order. I remark upon this because many strong people are strangers to happiness, while many happy people are

strangers to strength. Both of these qualities lived together in Charity's inclusive heart. She could say "No!" with less noise and more power than any mortal I have met. This finality of hers was as quiet as a sunrise and almost as luminous. But even though her negatives were creatively positive, Charity lived and moved and had her being in the rich affirmatives of heart and mind. Children came within the radius of her smile, and were in no hurry to go away. The discouraged sought her out, following the invisible trails to her fountains of good cheer as weary travelers track a rivulet to its source. The joyful shared their joys with her lest their own joys might remain mysteriously incomplete without her knowing and feeling them also. The tearful came into her presence and departed, wearing inner rainbows wrought of the selfsame tears that trickled when they came. Her genius of consolation was very great, belonging, indeed, to that first order of

greatness manifesting itself in various realms: as color in Rubens, or music in Beethoven, or poetry in Shakespeare, or architecture in Wrenn. A lute was once found in an Egyptian sarcophagus. Seeing it, a poet was smitten with vision and song. He saw the almond-eyed sun-girls, curled, scented, their hands and hair filled with lotus blossoms; he thought of how these dusky maidens made their swarthy lovers call them fair as a slave thrummed the spent strings of this century-old lute. And then, rising to rapturous heights of melody, he sang:

> "This lute has outsung Egypt; all the lives
> Of violent passion and that vast calm art
> That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
> This little bird of song alone survives,
> As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
> Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded."

So Charity carried across the world, among other gifts, the lute of consolation—this little bird of song that survives on and on, forever

singing in the living gardens of the mind. I think that her lute has done golden service in Paradise. If those who "fashion the birth-robes for them who are just born, being dead," should perchance grow weary, Charity would be among the first to reinspire them by playing her lute of consolation. If the new arrivals in Paradise should be somewhat overborne with either strangeness or wonder at the things newly-heavened eyes behold, Charity would manage, somehow, to be close by with that old hospitality of hers, and they, too, would feel richly at home quite soon.

Is it not sweet, in passing, to have such a friend as Charity in Paradise? To be perfectly frank, she makes the place more interesting to me. London seems, and is, far away to some of us; but the day our son or daughter or friend takes up residence therein, London becomes, for us, beautifully changed. Now it is not entirely the grand old London of history; it is, rather, the dear, deep Lon-

don of the heart. Furthermore, I think it neither irreverent nor unethical to conclude that, if the Master opened Paradise to the penitent thief, he opens it, likewise, to those who were neither thieves nor robbers, but walked all their earthly days through pastures of duty which, if not always green or within sound of waters of quietness, led at last to the sheepfolds of God. Little wonder, therefore, that I am humbly proud that Charity is one of my friends in the Garden of God.

II

Another of these friends of mine in Paradise I call Fairmindedness. In early life she was a teacher in the public schools. What a teacher she was! She had a passion for knowledge, and she loved to impart her golden mental discoveries to others. A kind of nameless authority followed her steps as fragrance follows a path bordered with flowers. Know-

ing the names and intellectual address of the master minds of the ages, she called constantly upon them and rejoiced in their society. Her career as a teacher was followed by that of wife and mother. Wooed and won by a noble lawyer, she was soon left a widow with three little girls. Then, also, began a battle with disease—slow, terrible, and deadly, though death delayed long in claiming its victim. Meantime, grief and anxiety over the afflictions of one of her own household—one of the most sacrificially exhausting ordeals that mind and flesh can know—took up their permanent residence in her heart. Thus for many long, dreary years she was next-door-neighbor to ills that burn like flame and smite like goads.

And through it all she wore the royal crown of Fairmindedness. In a large fashion she possessed the genius of self-detachment; that is, she saw things and principles and human beings through the impersonal lenses of truth. She could splendidly swear to her own hurt,

and change not. An enemy might kindle the fires of righteous indignation within her; yet did she manage to keep her moral temperature cool enough not to ignore the rights of an enemy. "Some of my best friends," said a man in my presence, "are among those who, in a public capacity, have either opposed or been opposed by me. But, having learned to know them in private life, they are now among my choicest friends."

A similar mental hospitality, big in its comprehendingness, characterized Fairmindedness. Like the citizens of Tilbury Town, who felt the spell cast by "the man Flammonde," in Edwin Arlington Robinson's great poem, she, too, looked "beyond horizons." It is sometimes asserted that women are not as just in their judgments of women as are men in their judgments of men. Whether this be true in general or not, I like to think of one woman in particular of whom it was not true. Fairmindedness was fair to her own kind—

fair, indeed, to all kinds and conditions of the many-toned and many-colored human race.

I think this habit of walking all around a proposition that she might view it from many angles, renders her excellent service in the country named Paradise. If the heats of unseemly prejudice should ever threaten the harmonious relations of that goodly land, Fair-mindedness will be surely among the first to say: "Now that we have considered our own viewpoint, let us try to understand the views of those who differ from us. Perhaps they may be able to assist in the clarification of matters for everyone. For, after all, it is the truth we want, of course, and not merely our own individual or group attitudes."

It is this spirit, I think, which makes her a most valuable citizen of her new country. If any one-hundred-per-cent Paradisean sets up the hue and cry of "Paradise first!" within her hearing, she will forthwith inquire: "First

in what?" And the tones in which she asks the question will be so full of immeasurable meanings that they are almost certain to be followed by a silence tingling with subtle suggestiveness, if not forthright wisdom.

I owe much to Fairmindedness. Confessing my inability to live in those spacious realms of candor and disinterested devotion to the right as God gave her to see and love the right, nevertheless, when the keen, cleansing winds of Justice and Pity and Honor blow strong across my path, I like to think that they are mysteriously identified with the person and character of Fairmindedness. That she fares bravely on there as here, I have not the slightest doubt; that she has found again those whom she had loved and lost awhile, I am somewhat illogically, perhaps, but absolutely sure. If my Lord and Master, from His Throne of Pain, could open the gates of Paradise to a penitent thief, I believe that, from His Throne of Joy, He gladly welcomes Fair-

mindedness and all her soul-kindred into gardens of deathless bloom.

III

I think of another whose name shall be Helpfulness because she earned it. She was a community asset. Long before modern folk began theorizing about the social gospel and how to get it afoot in the ways of humankind, Helpfulness was already practicing it. Neither color nor creed nor partisanship could build a fence so high that she did not manage to climb over it and make her way to those in need. "Need," she seemed to say, "is my creed." And not for a moment did she lock the idea of need up within the stifling jail of material things! Need, to her, was just need, whether in terms of bread or clothing or heart or mind. Now that I have mentioned the word bread, I think that Helpfulness—along with another elect lady I know, who

still abides in the flesh—could mix and bake the most delicious "light rolls," as they were called in that part of the universe, that ever came out of an oven. When the "light rolls" heard that I was coming, they must have longed for wings to fly away and be at rest; for I was their foreordained enemy, sending them down the "red lane" with astonishing speed.

From somewhere back in the original fountains of fun, Helpfulness had been infected with a contagious laughter. To this day, and until I die, I shall continue to hear that laugh of hers. It was an inimitable solo of happiness that ultimately created, in any company of congenial souls, a chorus of joy into which it melted in perfect euphony.

Helpfulness was especially fond of young people. She understood their joys and tears and triumphs and ideals. Consequently, young people sought her as bees seek the pink domes of clover for nectar. She was gladly

robbed of her sweetness, through one of those soul miracles God is always performing, that she might have more sweetness to give. And there seemed to be no limit to her supply of delicious confections which nature and grace stored up in the cupboard of her heart. She could pop the best corn, pull the best taffy (taffy, as the wag remarked, always being better than epitaphy), and laugh the most contagiously while about her "tasty" business.

Of course she had much trouble and shed many tears as she went on her way to the house not made with hands. Like many another mother, she gave a little daughter back into the keeping of the God out of whose bosom all children and mothering hearts assuredly come; for I have figured, quite conclusively to myself, that there is no other place in the vast universe for such creatures to originate. Certain am I that mothers and babes have their beginnings in the inmost heart of God.

So Helpfulness "lost" her lovely little girl, as we say, half knowing all the time that we are simply asking Heaven to accommodate itself to our poor human speech. Twenty-five years later I was sitting at the twilight end of a Sabbath day in God's Acre. It is a perfectly enchanting place to visit. Beautiful for situation on a pine-crowned hill, this resting-place of our glorified ones is fragrant with flowers and inspiring memories as well. Sitting there at eventide, I looked down in the valley and, lo! Helpfulness was wending her way toward the green mound under which lay the dust of her baby. In her arms, also, was her characteristic offering of flowers.

Now, I have heard all my life that women-mothers never forget; that they remember in the night; in tears, in happiness, in prosperity, in adversity these women-mothers, they say, remember, and remember, too, as only God and mothers can. Well, that saying, as I watched Helpfulness climb the hill with

her bunch of flowers, took on a new meaning for me. "One example," said Gladstone, "is worth a thousand arguments." Here, then, was my one example of mother-love, argumentative with its thousandfold power. The years—a quarter of a century—were powerless to quench the maternal fires burning in her heart. And in that selfsame hour my outer gaze upon this mother became an inner gaze in which I saw the heart of God and heard it speak out loud and bold: "As one whom his mother comforteth, even so will I comfort you." Among those who have gone up out of great tribulation, Helpfulness is one of my best friends in Paradise. Life and love like hers help to create a faith that says, with the heavenly conclusiveness of Dr. George A. Gordon's Autobiography:

> "I feel not the red rains fall,
> Hear not the tempest at all,
> Nor thunder in heaven any more.
> All the distance is white

With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done."

IV

Another comes winging through the windows of memory whose name is Loveliness. She must have had her beginnings far back in the mystery of delicate things. Lavender and old lace, faint melodies, surprising colors, maidenly modesties, dreams unremembered and untold—all these come surging up out of the fountains of the mind set in motion by the thought of Loveliness. She was almost too elusively frail to be caught and crushed in the grip of the coarse and cruel. When terror came thundering by, she took refuge in the tenderness that is mightier than terror; that is why she could look the terrible out of countenance and remain, through all, calmly unafraid. She was far-sighted, being expert in compelling the long-distance view to cor-

rect the aberrations of the near-at-hand. Standing spiritually a-tiptoe, she peered over the hills of to-day into the luminous lands of to-morrow. "It is always better farther on," she would smilingly say through her tears. Triumphant laughter through searching sorrow—that is the wordless eloquence of character that talks on after raucous discords have had their say. She belongs in that fair company of whose irresistible spell Maeterlinck says: "On this earth of ours there are few souls that can withstand the dominion of a soul that has suffered itself to become beautiful."

Yet, because Loveliness was frail and of womanly tenderness vitally compact, think not for a moment that she was a sort of hopeless "innocence abroad" in the world! Far otherwise! She knew the ways of the world with a species of omniscient uncanniness. Emerson's friend, John Ward—of the celebrated Saturday Club—has been characterized "as a

man of the world who knew who would go well with who." That, too, was finely true of Loveliness. She would have made a first-class broker for genius. Mixing up all varieties of unmixable humans and making them individually and socially agreeable—this, for Loveliness, was a pleasant task which many find either difficult or impossible. Her magic wand wooed antagonisms into reconciliations based upon the larger understanding and appreciation of characteristics worlds apart but not necessarily exclusive. When she was about, hopeless and temperamental misunderstandings were absent; they could not survive in her fine air.

I can see her now, with her dancing eyes, looking clean through our paltry disguises. I can hear the tones of her voice rising and falling in questions and replies which were tremendously affirmative even while they seemed to be negative. For Loveliness, frail as gossamer and tender as twigs, was subtly

and irresistibly positive. "Of course you didn't have time to do that," she would conclude, in the most casual way, after one had explained why something had been left undone; and the way she said it made one keenly aware of the lie he had elaborately unfolded. Hence nothing short of downright confession of the truth could cure the wound wrought by the falsehood. "Certainly I had time to do that, but I just didn't do it!" This confession blurted out, Heaven returned again while Loveliness kept on her fragrantly verbal and inquisitively creative ways.

I think when Loveliness entered Paradise a distinctive addition was made thereto. For the Garden of God—beautiful beyond all beauty—is, as I understand it, capable of infinite improvement. Our earthly gardens can be finished, but God's Garden never—never, at least, until the last soul made in the image of the Gardener is finished. And one of the best things about a soul, it seems to me, is

that it can never be finished in the sense in which we use the term: a soul just keeps on building its statelier mansions to match the mansions of God—which are many and vast. So, one of the urgent values of Loveliness lies in her suggestiveness of unending growth. Getting so far along the Road of Beauty in this world, she must have a very, very long road—wide, and various, too—stretching before her in Yonderland; otherwise, that dear country would have to confess, ultimately, a certain monotony for so vivid and forward-looking a soul as was she, even when stretching herself and moving enchantingly around in a cottage of clay. Not in the least logically argumentative, Loveliness is dynamically and spiritually so. And this is why, perhaps, I think of her in the quaint words of Emily Dickinson:

"I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;

Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

"I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given."

Chartless, too, was Loveliness; and yet she had a definite way of lifting pilgrim minds toward heavenly highlands. She somehow confirms our dreams of the Ultimate Beauty. True, such names may be writ in water, like Keats' own; but it is living water—water that flows forever, crystal clear, from the throne of God, and, flowing, sings:

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die."

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